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Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

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ELEVENTH VOLUME

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

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T A L E S

A N D

V I S I O N S

THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
R A S S E L A S,
PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

C H A P. I.

DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE IN A VALLEY.

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas prince of Abissinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abissinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abissi-

nian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn

solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of musick; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank

of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had reposed their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

C H A P. II.

THE DISCONTENT OF RASSELAS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

HERE the sons and daughters of Abissinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy.

enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them, told them of nothing but the miseries of publick life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him: he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of musick. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his

love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the Sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Raffelas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were broufing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

“What,” said he, “makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself; he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream, his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives
in

in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye, said he, are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened,

C H A P. III.

THE WANTS OF HIM THAT WANTS NOTHING.

ON the next day his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford: “Why, said he, does this man thus intrude upon me; shall I be never suffered to forget those lectures which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?” He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but, being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the prince, and to enquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence. “I fly from pleasure, said the prince, because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.” “You, Sir, said the sage, are the first who has complained of misery in the *happy valley*. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You
are

are here in full possession of all that the emperor of Abissinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing, said the prince, or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint; if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment shewed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."

The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir, said he, if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now, said the prince, you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

C H A P. IV.

THE PRINCE CONTINUES TO GRIEVE AND MUSE.

AT this time the sound of musick proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented, to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration; whether it be that we bear easily what we have born long, or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured; he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done.

This first beam of hope, that had been ever darted into his mind, rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet with distinctness, either end or means.

He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but, considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could enjoy only by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all schemes of diversion,

diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures never can be so multiplied or continued, as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened: he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought.

His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen; to place himself in various conditions; to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures: but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle, that he forgot his real solitude; and, amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution and redress. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defence, and run forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas
could

could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance, him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This, said he, is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure, and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount!"

Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse; and remembered, that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. "In life, said he, is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy, or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four and twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time, said he,
has

has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored: I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven: In this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies: the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth, and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed, who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion, by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it, having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He, for a few hours,

hours, regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the valley of happiness.

C H A P. V.

THE PRINCE MEDITATES HIS ESCAPE.

HE now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once had passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains, to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open; for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was by its position exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but, having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless searches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away: in the morning he rose with new hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night slept sound after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements which beguiled his labour, and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals, and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he purposed to solace himself with the contemplation, if he should never be able to accomplish his flight; rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible enquiry.

But his original curiosity was not yet abated; he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer.

CHAP. VI.

A DISSERTATION ON THE ART OF FLYING.

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanick powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence
it

it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that run through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft musick were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot: he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours. “Sir, said he, you have seen but a small part of what the mechanick sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground.”

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to enquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. “I am afraid, said he to the artist, that
your

your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish, than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth." "So, replied the mechanist, fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborn by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it, faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming, said the prince, is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent, and wings will be of no great use, unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labour of rising from the ground, said the artist, will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestick fowls, but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction, and the body's gravity, will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall: no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, Sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabitants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the

same parallel. How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty, and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this, said the prince, is much to be desired; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall: therefore I suspect, that from any height, where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing, replied the artist, will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why,

“Why, said Rasselas, should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received.”

“If men were all virtuous, returned the artist, I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea.”

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished, and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory: he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him

in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

CHAP. VII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A MAN OF LEARNING.

THE prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, having suffered himself to hope for a happier event, only because he had no other means of escape in view. He still persisted in his design to leave the happy valley by the first opportunity.

His imagination was now at a stand; he had no prospect of entering into the world; and, notwithstanding all his endeavours to support himself, discontent by degrees preyed upon him, and he began again to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had been ever known: the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents streamed into the plain on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence, on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could now discover. The herds and flocks left the pastures, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domestick amusements, and the attention of Rasselas was

was

was particularly seized by a poem, which Imlac rehearsed, upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verses a second time; then entering into familiar talk, he thought himself happy in having found a man who knew the world so well, and could so skilfully paint the scenes of life. He asked a thousand questions about things, to which, though common to all other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a stranger. The poet pitied his ignorance, and loved his curiosity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and instruction, so that the prince regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure.

As they were sitting together, the prince commanded Imlac to relate his history, and to tell by what accident he was forced, or by what motive induced, to close his life in the happy valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Raffelas was called to a concert, and obliged to restrain his curiosity till the evening.

CHAP. VIII.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC.

THE close of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only season of diversion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the musick ceased, and the princesses retired. Raffelas then called for his companion, and required him to begin the story of his life.

“ Sir, said Imlac, my history will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in publick, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to enquire, and answer enquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terrour, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

“ I was born in the kingdom of Goiama, at no great distance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Africk and the ports of the Red Sea. He was honest, frugal, and diligent, but of mean sentiments, and narrow comprehension: he desired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, lest he should be spoiled by the governours of the province.”

“ Surely, said the prince, my father must be negligent of his charge, if any man in his dominions dares take that which belongs to another. Does he not know that kings are accountable for injustice permitted as well as done? If I were emperor, not the meanest of my subjects should be oppressed with impunity. My blood boils when I am told that a merchant durst not enjoy his honest gains for fear of losing them by the rapacity of power. Name the governour who robbed the people, that I may declare his crimes to the emperor.”

“ Sir, said Imlac, your ardour is the natural effect of virtue animated by youth: the time will come when you will acquit your father, and perhaps hear with less impatience of the governour.

Oppression

Oppression is, in the Abissinian dominions, neither frequent nor tolerated; but no form of government has been yet discovered, by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. Subordination supposes power on one part, and subjection on the other; and if power be in the hands of men, it will sometimes be abused. The vigilance of the supreme magistrate may do much, but much will still remain undone. He can never know all the crimes that are committed, and can seldom punish all that he knows."

"This, said the prince, I do not understand, but I had rather hear thee than dispute. Continue thy narration."

"My father, proceeded Imlac, originally intended that I should have no other education, than such as might qualify me for commerce; and discovering in me great strength of memory, and quickness of apprehension, often declared his hope that I should be some time the richest man in Abissinia."

"Why, said the prince, did thy father desire the increase of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durst discover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconsistencies cannot both be true."

"Inconsistencies, answered Imlac, cannot both be right, but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diversity is not inconsistency. My father might expect a time of greater security. However, some desire is necessary to keep life in motion, and he, whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy."

“ This, said the prince, I can in some measure conceive. I repent that I interrupted thee.”

“ With this hope, proceeded Imlac, he sent me to school; but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleasure of intelligence and the pride of invention, I began silently to despise riches, and determined to disappoint the purpose of my father, whose grossness of conception raised my pity. I was twenty years old before his tenderness would expose me to the fatigue of travel, in which time I had been instructed, by successive masters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me something new, I lived in a continual course of gratifications; but, as I advanced towards manhood, I lost much of the reverence with which I had been used to look on my instructors; because, when the lesson was ended, I did not find them wiser or better than common men.

“ At length my father resolved to initiate me in commerce, and opening one of his subterranean treasuries, counted out ten thousand pieces of gold. This, young man, said he, is the stock with which you must negotiate. I began with less than the fifth part, and you see how diligence and parsimony have increased it. This is your own to waste or to improve. If you squander it by negligence or caprice, you must wait for my death before you will be rich: if, in four years, you double your stock, we will thenceforward let subordination cease, and live together as friends and partners; for he shall always be equal with me, who is equally skilled in the art of growing rich.

“ We

“ We laid our money upon camels, concealed in bales of cheap goods, and travelled to the shore of the Red Sea. When I cast my eye on the expanse of waters, my heart bounded like that of a prisoner escaped. I felt an unextinguishable curiosity kindle in my mind, and resolved to snatch this opportunity of seeing the manners of other nations, and of learning sciences unknown in Abissinia.

“ I remembered that my father had obliged me to the improvement of my stock, not by a promise which I ought not to violate, but by a penalty which I was at liberty to incur; and therefore determined to gratify my predominant desire, and by drinking at the fountains of knowledge, to quench the thirst of curiosity.

“ As I was supposed to trade without connexion with my father, it was easy for me to become acquainted with the master of a ship, and procure a passage to some other country. I had no motives of choice to regulate my voyage; it was sufficient for me that, wherever I wandered, I should see a country which I had not seen before. I therefore entered a ship bound for Surat, having left a letter for my father declaring my intention.

C H A P. IX.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

“ **W**HEN I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terrour, and thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined
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that I could gaze round for ever without satiety; but, in a short time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted for a while whether all my future pleasures would not end like this, in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion, but the earth has mountains and vallies, deserts and cities: it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.

“ With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

“ I was almost weary of my naval amusements when we landed safely at Surat. I secured my money, and purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my enquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn at the usual expence the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants, and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretences, without any advantage to themselves, but
that

that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge."

"Stop a moment, said the prince. Is there such depravity in man, as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have shewn by warning, as betraying you."

"Pride, said Imlac, is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies, because they grieved to think me rich; and my oppressors, because they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed, said the prince: I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives."

"In this company, said Imlac, I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and in a few months was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved, and others easy and communicative; some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves; and some shewed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

"To

“ To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much, that I was presented to the emperour as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperour asked me many questions concerning my country and my travels; and though I cannot now recollect any thing that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me astonished at his wisdom, and enamoured of his goodness.

“ My credit was now so high, that the merchants, with whom I had travelled, applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the Court. I was surpris'd at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and shewed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

“ They then urged their request with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindness, I would not do for money; and refused them, not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

“ Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social, and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

“ From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation at once pastoral and warlike; who live
without

without any settled habitation; whose only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions.

C H A P. X.

IMLAC'S HISTORY CONTINUED. A DISSERTATION
UPON POETRY.

“**W**HEREVER I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the Angelick Nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe Nature and Passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention,

invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“ I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terroure, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

“ Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who
knows

knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

“ All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.”

“ In so wide a survey, said the prince, you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before, or never heeded.”

“ The business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“ But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence

spondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and place.

“His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

C H A P. XI.

IMLAC'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED. A HINT ON
PILGRIMAGE.

IMLAC now felt the enthusiastick fit, and was proceeding to aggrandize his own profession, when the prince cried out, “Enough! thou hast convinced me, that no human being can ever be a poet. Proceed with thy narration.”

“To be a poet, said Imlac, is indeed very difficult.” “So difficult, returned the prince, that I will at present hear no more of his labours. Tell me whither you went when you had seen Persia.”

“From

“ From Persia, said the poet, I travelled through Syria, and for three years resided in Palestine, where I conversed with great numbers of the northern and western nations of Europe; the nations which are now in possession of all power and all knowledge; whose armies are irresistible, and whose fleets command the remotest parts of the globe. When I compared these men with the natives of our own kingdom, and those that surround us, they appeared almost another order of beings. In their countries it is difficult to wish for any thing that may not be obtained: a thousand arts, of which we never heard, are continually labouring for their convenience and pleasure; and whatever their own climate has denied them is supplied by their commerce.”

“ By what means, said the prince, are the Europeans thus powerful, or why, since they can so easily visit Asia and Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiatics and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carries them back would bring us thither.”

“ They are more powerful, Sir, than we, answered Imlac, because they are wiser; knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours, I know not what reason can be given, but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being.”

“ When, said the prince with a sigh, shall I be able to visit Palestine, and mingle with this mighty confluence of nations? Till that happy moment shall

arrive, let me fill up the time with such representations as thou canst give me. I am not ignorant of the motive that assembles such numbers in that place, and cannot but consider it as the centre of wisdom and piety, to which the best and wisest men of every land must be continually resorting."

"There are some nations, said Imlac, that send few visitants to Palestine; for many numerous and learned sects in Europe concur to censure pilgrimage as superstitious, or deride it as ridiculous."

"You know, said the prince, how little my life has made me acquainted with diversity of opinions: it will be too long to hear the arguments on both sides; you, that have considered them, tell me the result."

"Pilgrimage, said Imlac, like many other acts of piety, may be reasonable or superstitious, according to the principles upon which it is performed. Long journies in search of truth are not commanded. Truth, such as is necessary to the regulation of life, is always found where it is honestly sought. Change of place is no natural cause of the increase of piety, for it inevitably produces dissipation of mind. Yet, since men go every day to view the fields where great actions have been performed, and return with stronger impressions of the event, curiosity of the same kind may naturally dispose us to view that country whence our religion had its beginning; and I believe no man surveys those awful scenes without some confirmation of holy resolutions. That the Supreme Being may be more easily propitiated in one place than in another, is

the dream of idle superstition; but that some places may operate upon our own minds in an uncommon manner, is an opinion which hourly experience will justify. He who supposes that his vices may be more successfully combated in Palestine, will, perhaps, find himself mistaken, yet he may go thither without folly: he who thinks they will be more freely pardoned, dishonours at once his reason and religion."

"These, said the prince, are European distinctions. I will consider them another time. What have you found to be the effect of knowledge? Are those nations happier than we?"

"There is so much infelicity, said the poet, in the world, that scarce any man has leisure from his own distresses to estimate the comparative happiness of others. Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

"In enumerating the particular comforts of life we shall find many advantages on the side of the Europeans. They cure wounds and diseases with which we languish and perish. We suffer inclemencies of weather which they can obviate. They have engines for the dispatch of many laborious
D 2 works,

works, which we must perform by manual industry. There is such communication between distant places, that one friend can hardly be said to be absent from another. Their policy removes all publick inconveniencies: they have roads cut through their mountains, and bridges laid upon their rivers. And, if we descend to the privacies of life, their habitations are more commodious, and their possessions are more secure."

"They are surely happy, said the prince, who have all these conveniencies, of which I envy none so much as the facility with which separated friends interchange their thoughts."

"The Europeans, answered Imlac, are less unhappy than we, but they are not happy. Human life is every where a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

C H A P. XII.

THE STORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

"I AM not yet willing, said the prince, to suppose that happiness is so parsimoniously distributed to mortals; nor can believe but that, if I had the choice of life, I should be able to fill every day with pleasure. I would injure no man, and should provoke no resentment: I would relieve every distress, and should enjoy the benedictions of gratitude. I would chuse my friends among the wise, and my wife among the virtuous; and therefore should be in no danger from treachery or unkindness. My children should, by my care, be learned

learned and pious, and would repay to my age what their childhood had received. What would dare to molest him who might call on every side to thousands enriched by his bounty, or assisted by his power? And why should not life glide quietly away in the soft reciprocation of protection and reverence? All this may be done without the help of European refinements, which appear by their effects to be rather specious than useful. Let us leave them, and pursue our journey."

"From Palestine, said Imlac, I passed through many regions of Asia; in the more civilized kingdoms as a trader, and among the barbarians of the mountains as a pilgrim. At last I began to long for my native country, that I might repose after my travels and fatigues, in the places where I had spent my earliest years, and gladden my old companions with the recital of my adventures. Often did I figure to myself those with whom I had sported away the gay hours of dawning life, sitting round me in its evening, wondering at my tales, and listening to my counsels.

"When this thought had taken possession of my mind, I considered every moment as wasted which did not bring me nearer to Abissinia. I hastened into Egypt, and notwithstanding my impatience, was detained ten months in the contemplation of its ancient magnificence, and in enquiries after the remains of its ancient learning. I found in Cairo a mixture of all nations; some brought thither by the love of knowledge, some by the hope of gain, and many by the desire of living after their own manner without observation, and of lying hid in the ob-

security of multitudes: for in a city, populous as Cairo, it is possible to obtain at the same time the gratifications of society, and the secrecy of solitude.

“ From Cairo I travelled to Suez, and embarked on the Red Sea, passing along the coast till I arrived at the port from which I had departed twenty years before. Here I joined myself to a caravan, and re-entered my native country.

“ I now expected the caresses of my kinsmen, and the congratulations of my friends, and was not without hope that my father, whatever value he had set upon riches, would own with gladness and pride a son who was able to add to the felicity and honour of the nation. But I was soon convinced that my thoughts were vain. My father had been dead fourteen years, having divided his wealth among my brothers, who were removed to some other provinces. Of my companions the greater part was in the grave, of the rest, some could with difficulty remember me, and some considered me as one corrupted by foreign manners.

“ A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected. I forgot, after a time, my disappointment, and endeavoured to recommend myself to the nobles of the kingdom; they admitted me to their tables, heard my story, and dismissed me. I opened a school, and was prohibited to teach. I then resolved to sit down in the quiet of domestick life, and addressed a lady that was fond of my conversation, but rejected my suit, because my father was a merchant.

“ Wearied at last with solicitation and repulses, I resolved to hide myself for ever from the world, and depend no longer on the opinion or caprice of others.

others. I waited for the time when the gate of the *happy valley* should open, that I might bid farewell to hope and fear: the day came; my performance was distinguished with favour, and I resigned myself with joy to perpetual confinement."

"Hast thou here found happiness at last? said Rasselas. Tell me without reserve; art thou content with thy condition? or, dost thou wish to be again wandering and enquiring? All the inhabitants of this valley celebrate their lot, and at the annual visit of the emperor, invite others to partake of their felicity."

"Great prince, said Imlac, I shall speak the truth; I know not one of all your attendants who does not lament the hour when he entered this retreat. I am less unhappy than the rest, because I have a mind replete with images, which I can vary and combine at pleasure. I can amuse my solitude by the renovation of the knowledge which begins to fade from my memory, and by recollection of the accidents of my past life. Yet all this ends in the sorrowful consideration, that my acquirements are now useless, and that none of my pleasures can be again enjoyed. The rest, whose minds have no impression but of the present moment, are either corroded by malignant passions, or sit stupid in the gloom of perpetual vacancy."

"What passions can infest those, said the prince, who have no rivals? We are in a place where impotence precludes malice, and where all envy is repressed by community of enjoyments."

"There may be community, said Imlac, of material possessions, but there can never be com-

munity of love or of esteem. It must happen that one will please more than another; he that knows himself despised will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him. The invitations, by which they allure others to a state which they feel to be wretched, proceed from the natural malignity of hopeless misery. They are weary of themselves, and of each other, and expect to find relief in new companions. They envy the liberty which their folly has forfeited, and would gladly see all mankind imprisoned like themselves.

“From this crime, however, I am wholly free. No man can say that he is wretched by my persuasion. I look with pity on the crowds who are annually soliciting admission to captivity, and wish that it were lawful for me to warn them of their danger.”

“My dear Imlac, said the prince, I will open to thee my whole heart. I have long meditated an escape from the happy valley. I have examined the mountains on every side, but find myself insuperably barred: teach me the way to break my prison; thou shalt be the companion of my flight, the guide of my rambles, the partner of my fortune, and my sole director in the *choice of life*.”

“Sir, answered the poet, your escape will be difficult, and, perhaps, you may soon repent your curiosity. The world, which you figure to yourself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests, and boiling with whirlpools: you will be sometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed
against

against the rocks of treachery. Amidst wrongs and frauds, competitions and anxieties, you will wish a thousand times for these seats of quiet, and willingly quit hope to be free from fear."

"Do not seek to deter me from my purpose, said the prince: I am impatient to see what thou hast seen; and, since thou art thyself weary of the valley, it is evident, that thy former state was better than this. Whatever be the consequence of my experiment, I am resolved to judge with mine own eyes of the various conditions of men, and then to make deliberately my *choice of life*."

"I am afraid, said Imlac, you are hindered by stronger restraints than my persuasions; yet, if your determination is fixed, I do not counsel you to despair. Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

C H A P. XIII.

RASSELAS DISCOVERS THE MEANS OF ESCAPE.

THE prince now dismissed his favourite to rest, but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell with silent vexation. He thought that even the *happy valley* might be endured with such a companion,

panion, and that if they could range the world together, he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged, and the ground dried. The prince and Imlac then walked out together to converse without the notice of the rest. The prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate, said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?"

"Man is not weak; answered his companion; knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanicks laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried."

As they were walking on the side of the mountain, they observed that the conies, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them, tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been the opinion of antiquity, said Imlac, that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the coney. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where the summit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we shall issue up beyond the prominence."

The eyes of the prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy, and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened early in the morning to chuse a place proper for their mine. They clambered with great fatigue among crags
and

and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favoured their design. The second and the third day were spent in the same manner and with the same frustration. But, on the fourth, they found a small cavern, concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerness than vigour. They were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The prince, for a moment, appeared to be discouraged. “Sir, said his companion, practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time; mark, however, how far we have advanced, and you will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed, not by strength, but perseverance: yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.”

They returned to their work day after day, and, in a short time, found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. “Do not disturb your mind, said Imlac, with other hopes or fears than reason may suggest: if you are pleased with prognosticks of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen, it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often
happen

happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance."

C H A P. XIV.

RASSELAS AND IMLAC RECEIVE AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

THEY had now wrought their way to the middle, and solaced their toil with the approach of liberty, when the prince, coming down to refresh himself with air, found his sister Nekayah standing before the mouth of the cavity. He started and stood confused, afraid to tell his design, and yet hopeless to conceal it. A few moments determined him to repose on her fidelity, and secure her secrecy by a declaration without reserve.

"Do not imagine, said the princess, that I came hither as a spy: I had long observed from my window, that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the same point, but I did not suppose you had any better reason for the preference than a cooler shade, or more fragrant bank; nor followed you with any other design than to partake of your conversation. Since then not suspicion but fondness has detected you, let me not lose the advantage of my discovery. I am equally weary of confinement with yourself, and not less desirous of knowing what is done or suffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this tasteless tranquillity, which will yet grow more loathsome when you have left me. You may deny me to accompany you, but cannot hinder me from following."

The prince, who loved Nekayah above his other sisters, had no inclination to refuse her request, and
grieved

grieved that he had lost an opportunity of shewing his confidence by a voluntary communication. It was therefore agreed that she should leave the valley with them; and that, in the mean time, she should watch, lest any other straggler should, by chance or curiosity, follow them to the mountain.

At length their labour was at an end; they saw light beyond the prominence, and, issuing to the top of the mountain, beheld the Nile, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath them.

The prince looked round with rapture, anticipated all the pleasures of travel, and in thought was already transported beyond his father's dominions. Imlac, though very joyful at his escape, had less expectation of pleasure in the world, which he had before tried, and of which he had been weary.

Raffelas was so much delighted with a wider horizon, that he could not soon be persuaded to return into the valley. He informed his sister that the way was open, and that nothing now remained but to prepare for their departure.

CH A P. XV.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS LEAVE THE VALLEY,
AND SEE MANY WONDERS.

THE prince and princess had jewels sufficient to make them rich whenever they came into a place of commerce, which, by Imlac's direction, they hid in their clothes, and, on the night of the next full moon, all left the valley. The princess was followed

followed only by a single favourite, who did not know whither she was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other side. The princess and her maid turned their eyes towards every part, and, seeing nothing to bound their prospect, considered themselves as in danger of being lost in a dreary vacuity. They stopped and trembled. "I am almost afraid, said the princess, to begin a journey of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immense plain, where I may be approached on every side by men whom I never saw." The prince felt nearly the same emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac smiled at their terrors, and encouraged them to proceed; but the princess continued irresolute till she had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found some shepherds in the field, who set milk and fruits before them. The princess wondered that she did not see a palace ready for her reception, and a table spread with delicacies; but, being faint and hungry, she drank the milk and eat the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavour than the products of the valley.

They travelled forward by easy journies, being all unaccustomed to toil or difficulty, and knowing, that though they might be missed, they could not be pursued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expressed at the diversity of manners, stations, and employments.

Their

Their dress was such as might not bring upon them the suspicion of having any thing to conceal, yet the prince, wherever he came, expected to be obeyed, and the princess was frightened, because those that came into her presence did not prostrate themselves before her. Imlac was forced to observe them with great vigilance, lest they should betray their rank by their unusual behaviour, and detained them several weeks in the first village, to accustom them to the sight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to understand that they had for a time laid aside their dignity, and were to expect only such regard as liberality and courtesy could procure. And Imlac, having, by many admonitions, prepared them to endure the tumults of a port, and the ruggedness of the commercial race, brought them down to the sea-coast.

The prince and his sister, to whom every thing was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for some months at the port without any inclination to pass further. Imlac was content with their stay, because he did not think it safe to expose them, unpractised in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At last he began to fear lest they should be discovered, and proposed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretensions to judge for themselves, and referred the whole scheme to his direction. He therefore took passage in a ship to Suez; and, when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the princess to enter the vessel. They had a quick and prosperous voyage, and from Suez travelled by land to Cairo.

C H A P. XVI.

THEY ENTER CAIRO, AND FIND EVERY MAN HAPPY.

AS they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This, said Imlac to the prince, is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all the corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character, and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable: I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers, who have no other end of travel than curiosity; it will soon be observed that we are rich; our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know; you will see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourself at leisure to make your *choice of life*.

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise, and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit, but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the street, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The princess could not at first bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and, for some days, continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favourite Pekuah as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood traffick, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence, that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintance, and his generosity made him courted by many dependants.

His

His table was crowded by men of every nation, who all admired his knowledge, and solicited his favour. His companions, not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The prince had, by frequent lectures, been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not, for a long time, comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as equivalent to the necessaries of life.

They studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had any thing uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The prince being now able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his *choice of life*.

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him equally happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindness, and heard the song of joy or the laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality,

and every heart melted with benevolence; “and who then, says he, will be suffered to be wretched?”

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience, till one day, having sat a while silent, “I know not, said the prince, what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court, I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness.”

“Every man, said Imlac, may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly, where you passed the last night, there appeared such sprightliness of air, and volatility of fancy, as might have suited beings of an higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow: yet, believe me, prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection.”

“This, said the prince, may be true of others, since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another,

another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life*."

"The causes of good and evil, answered Imlac, are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die enquiring and deliberating."

"But surely, said Rasselas, the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few, said the poet, live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own."

"I am pleased to think, said the prince, that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure: surely happiness is somewhere to be found."

CHAP. XVII.

THE PRINCE ASSOCIATES WITH YOUNG MEN OF SPIRIT AND GAIETY.

RASSELAS rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth, cried he, is the time of gladness: I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify

their desires, and whose time is all spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted, but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images; their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The prince soon concluded, that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unfuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness, said he, must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. "My friends, said he, I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore,

therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power: let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils not to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared a while in silence one upon another, and at last drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquillity, and pursued his search.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A WISE AND HAPPY MAN.

AS he was one day walking in the street, he saw a spacious building which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter: he followed the stream of people, and found it a hall or school of declamation, in which professors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a sage raised above the rest, who discoursed with great energy on the government of the passions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He shewed, with great strength of sentiment, and variety of illustration, that human nature is degraded and debased, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of passion, usurps the dominion of the mind, nothing ensues

but the natural effect of unlawful government, perturbation and confusion; that she betrays the fortresses of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to sedition against reason their lawful sovereign. He compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time for the conquest of passion, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

He enumerated many examples of heroes immovable by pain or pleasure, who looked with indifference on those modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aside their prejudices, and arm themselves against the shafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable patience; concluding, that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in every one's power.

Rasselas listened to him with the veneration due to the instructions of a superiour being, and, waiting for him at the door, humbly implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. The lecturer hesitated a moment, when Rasselas put a
purse

purse of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

“ I have found, said the prince, at his return to Imlac, a man who can teach all that is necessary to be known, who, from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. He speaks, and attention watches his lips. He reasons, and conviction closes his periods. This man shall be my future guide: I will learn his doctrines, and imitate his life.”

“ Be not too hasty, said Imlac, to trust, or to admire, the teachers of morality: they discourse like angels, but they live like men.”

Raffelas, who could not conceive how any man could reason so forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his visit in a few days, and was denied admission. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philosopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale. “ Sir, said he, you are come at a time when all human friendship is useless; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever. My views, my purposes, my hopes are at an end: I am now a lonely being disunited from society.”

“ Sir, said the prince, mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised: we know that death is always near, and it should therefore always be expected.” “ Young man, answered

the philosopher, you speak like one that has never felt the pangs of separation." "Have you then forgot the precepts, said Rasselas, which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider, that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same." "What comfort, said the mourner, can truth and reason afford me? of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be restored?"

The prince, whose humanity would not suffer him to insult misery with reproof, went away convinced of the emptiness of rhetorical sound, and the inefficacy of polished periods and studied sentences.

C H A P. XIX.

A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL LIFE.

HE was still eager upon the same enquiry; and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and enquire whether that felicity, which publick life could not afford, was to be found in solitude; and whether a man, whose age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils, or enduring them?

Imlac and the princess agreed to accompany him, and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. "This, said the poet, is the life which has been often celebrated for
its

its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity."

The proposal pleased them, and they induced the shepherds, by small presents and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state: they were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of the occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent; that they considered themselves as condemned to labour for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The princess pronounced with vehemence, that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustick happiness; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous, and was yet in doubt, whether life had any thing that could be justly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen, without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade,

C H A P. XX.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

ON the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for shelter. At a small distance they saw a thick wood, which they no sooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The shrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the shades were darkest; the boughs of opposite trees were artificially interwoven; seats of flowery turf were raised in vacant spaces, and a rivulet, that wantoned along the side of a winding path, had its banks sometimes opened into small basins, and its stream sometimes obstructed by little mounds of stone heaped together to increase its murmurs.

They passed slowly through the wood, delighted with such unexpected accommodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who, he could be, that, in those rude and unfrequented regions, had leisure and art for such harmless luxury.

As they advanced they heard the sound of musick, and saw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and, going still further, beheld a stately palace built upon a hill surrounded with woods. The laws of eastern hospitality allowed them to enter, and the master welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was skilful enough in appearances soon to discern that they were no common guests, and spread
his

his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the lofty courtesy of the princess excited his respect. When they offered to depart he entreated their stay, and was the next day still more unwilling to dismiss them than before. They were easily persuaded to stop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The prince now saw all the domesticks cheerful, and all the face of nature smiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope that he should find here what he was seeking; but when he was congratulating the master upon his possessions, he answered with a sigh, “My condition has indeed the appearance of happiness, but appearances are delusive. My prosperity puts my life in danger; the Bassa of Egypt is my enemy, incensed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected against him by the princes of the country; but, as the favour of the great is uncertain, I know not how soon my defenders may be persuaded to share the plunder with the Bassa. I have sent my treasures into a distant country, and, upon the first alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my mansion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted.”

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile: and the princess was so much disturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that she retired to her apartment. They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit.

C H A P. XXI.

THE HAPPINESS OF SOLITUDE. THE HERMIT'S HISTORY.

THEY came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the side of a mountain, over-shadowed with palm-trees; at such a distance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composed the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labour, that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers, whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children, said he, if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniencies for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They

They thanked him, and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the princess repented of her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well, answered the hermit, every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil, said the prince, who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude, said the hermit, but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed

ployed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

“ For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten failor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that enquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted: my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment, than led by devotion, into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

They heard his resolution with surprise, but after a short pause, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

C H A P. XXII.

THE HAPPINESS OF A LIFE LED ACCORDING TO
NATURE.

RASSELAS went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remembered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them: every one was desirous to dictate to the rest, and every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen, and so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion, that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labour of individuals, and considered retirement as a desertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the publick were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself, to review his life, and purify his heart.

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely, that the hermit
2 would,

would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and, perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world: “For the hope of happiness, said he, is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come, when desire will be no longer our torment, and no man shall be wretched but by his own fault.”

“This, said a philosopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come, when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle, than to enquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny, not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or importunities of desire: he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocinations. Let them learn to be wise by easier means: let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove: let them consider the life of animals, whose motions are regulated

lated by instinct; they obey their guide and are happy. Let us therefore, at length, cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim, That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

When he had spoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. "Sir, said the prince, with great modesty, as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse: I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature."

"When I find young men so humble and so docile, said the philosopher, I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed and was silent, and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanquished, rose up and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

C H A P. XXIII.

THE PRINCE AND HIS SISTER DIVIDE BETWEEN
THEM THE WORK OF OBSERVATION.

RASSELAS returned home full of reflections, doubtful how to direct his future steps. Of the way to happiness he found the learned and simple equally ignorant; but, as he was yet young, he flattered himself that he had time remaining for more experiments, and further enquiries. He communicated to Imlac his observations and his doubts, but was answered by him with new doubts, and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore discoursed more frequently and freely with his sister, who had yet the same hope with himself, and always assisted him to give some reason why, though he had been hitherto frustrated, he might succeed at last.

“We have hitherto, said she, known but little of the world: we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power, and in this we have not yet seen the private recesses of domestick peace. Imlac favours not our search, lest we should in time find him mistaken. We will divide the task between us: you shall try what is to be found in the splendour of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford most opportunities of doing good: or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune; too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress.”

C H A P. XXIV.

THE PRINCE EXAMINES THE HAPPINESS OF HIGH STATIONS.

RASSELAS applauded the design, and appeared next day with a splendid retinue at the court of the Bassa. He was soon distinguished for his magnificence, and admitted, as a prince whose curiosity had brought him from distant countries, to an intimacy with the great officers, and frequent conversation with the Bassa himself.

He was at first inclined to believe, that the man must be pleased with his own condition, whom all approached with reverence, and heard with obedience, and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. “There can be no pleasure, said he, equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands all made happy by wise administration. Yet, since, by the law of subordination, this sublime delight can be in one nation but the lot of one, it is surely reasonable to think, that there is some satisfaction more popular and accessible, and that millions can hardly be subjected to the will of a single man, only to fill his particular breast with incommunicable content.”

These thoughts were often in his mind, and he found no solution of the difficulty. But as presents and civilities gained him more familiarity, he found that almost every man who stood high in employment hated all the rest, and was hated by them, and that their lives were a continual succession of plots and detections, stratagems and escapes, faction and treachery.

treachery. Many of those who furrounded the Bassa, were sent only to watch and report his conduct; every tongue was muttering censure, and every eye was searching for a fault.

At last the letters of revocation arrived, the Bassa was carried in chains to Constantinople, and his name was mentioned no more.

“What are we now to think of the prerogatives of power, said Rasselas to his sister; is it without any efficacy to good? or, is the subordinate degree only dangerous, and the supreme safe and glorious? Is the Sultan the only happy man in his dominions? or, is the Sultan himself subject to the torments of suspicion, and the dread of enemies?”

In a short time the second Bassa was deposed. The Sultan, that had advanced him, was murdered by the Janisaries, and his successor had other views and different favourites.

C H A P. XXV.

THE PRINCESS PERSUES HER ENQUIRY WITH MORE DILIGENCE THAN SUCCESS.

THE princess, in the mean time, insinuated herself into many families; for there are few doors, through which liberality, joined with good humour, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houses were airy and cheerful, but Nekayah had been too long accustomed to the conversation of Imlac and her brother to be much pleased with childish levity and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wishes low, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleasures, poor as

they were, could not be preserved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthless emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other; of a quality to which solicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing away. Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was fixed on sense or virtue, and therefore seldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was transient; every thing floated in their mind unconnected with the past or future, so that one desire easily gave way to another, as a second stone cast into the water effaces and confounds the circles of the first.

With these girls she played as with inoffensive animals, and found them proud of her countenance, and weary of her company.

But her purpose was to examine more deeply, and her affability easily persuaded the hearts that were swelling with sorrow to discharge their secrets in her ear: and those whom hope flattered, or prosperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleasures.

The princess and her brother commonly met in the evening in a private summer-house on the bank of the Nile, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were sitting together, the princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. “Answer, said she, great father of waters, thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou waterest, through all

thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint?"

"You are then, said Rasselas, not more successful in private houses than I have been in courts."

"I have, since the last partition of our provinces, said the princess, enabled myself to enter familiarly into many families, where there was the fairest shew of prosperity and peace, and know not one house that is not haunted by some fury that destroys their quiet."

"I did not seek ease among the poor, because I concluded that there it could not be found. But I saw many poor, whom I had supposed to live in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances: it is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest: they support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow."

"This, however, was an evil, which, though frequent, I saw with less pain, because I could relieve it. Yet some have refused my bounties; more offended with my quickness to detect their wants, than pleased with my readiness to succour them: and others, whose exigencies compelled them to admit my kindness, have never been able to forgive their benefactress. Many, however, have been sincerely grateful, without the ostentation of gratitude, or the hope of other favours."

CHAP. XXVI.

THE PRINCESS CONTINUES HER REMARKS UPON
PRIVATE LIFE.

NEKAYAH perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

“In families, where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly discord: if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions, and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal; but this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy: in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

“Parents and children seldom act in concert: each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents, and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children; thus some place their confidence in the father, and some in the mother, and by degrees, the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

“The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondence, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents, which their own eyes show them to be false?

“ Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression: the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence: the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour: but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greatest part, live on to love less and less: and, if those whom nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolation?”

“ Surely, said the prince, you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance: I am unwilling to believe, that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity.”

“ Domestick discord, answered she, is not inevitably and fatally necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous: the good and evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet less agree with one another: even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds, and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence

verence who most deserve it : for he that lives well cannot be despised.

“ Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety to the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please, and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious, and some wives perverse : and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may often make many miserable.”

“ If such be the general effect of marriage, said the prince, I shall, for the future, think it dangerous to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner’s fault.”

“ I have met, said the princess, with many who live single for that reason ; but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements, or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour, and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad ; and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude ;

tude : it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

"What then is to be done? said Rasselas; the more we enquire, the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself that has no other inclination to regard."

CHAP. XXVII.

DISQUISITION UPON GREATNESS.

THE conversation had a short pause. The prince, having considered his sister's observations, told her, that she had surveyed life with prejudice, and supposed misery where she did not find it. "Your narrative, says he, throws yet a darker gloom upon the prospects of futurity: the predictions of Imlac were but faint sketches of the evils painted by Nekayah. I have been lately convinced that quiet is not the daughter of grandeur, or of power: that her presence is not to be bought by wealth, nor enforced by conquest. It is evident, that as any man acts in a wider compass, he must be more exposed to opposition from enmity or miscarriage from chance; whoever has many to please or to govern, must use the ministry of many agents, some of whom will be wicked, and some ignorant; by some he will be misled, and by others betrayed. If he gratifies one he will offend another: those that are not favoured will think themselves injured; and, since favours can be conferred but upon few, the greater number will be always discontented."

"The discontent, said the princess, which is thus unreasonable, I hope that I shall always have spirit to despise, and you, power to repress."

"Discontent, answered Rasselas, will not always be without reason under the most just and vigilant administration of publick affairs. None, however attentive, can always discover that merit which indigence or faction may happen to obscure; and none, however powerful, can always reward it. Yet, he that sees inferiour desert advanced above him, will naturally impute that preference to partiality or caprice; and, indeed, it can scarcely be hoped that any man, however magnanimous by nature, or exalted by condition, will be able to persist for ever in the fixed and inexorable justice of distribution: he will sometimes indulge his own affections, and sometimes those of his favourites; he will permit some to please him who can never serve him; he will discover in those whom he loves, qualities which in reality they do not possess; and to those, from whom he receives pleasure, he will in his turn endeavour to give it. Thus will recommendations sometimes prevail which were purchased by money, or by the more destructive bribery of flattery and servility.

"He that has much to do will do something wrong, and of that wrong must suffer the consequences; and, if it were possible that he should always act rightly, yet when such numbers are to judge of his conduct, the bad will censure and obstruct him by malevolence, and the good sometimes by mistake.

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“The highest stations cannot therefore hope to be the abodes of happiness, which I would willingly believe to have fled from thrones and palaces to seats of humble privacy and placid obscurity. For what can hinder the satisfaction, or intercept the expectations, of him whose abilities are adequate to his employments, who sees with his own eyes the whole circuit of his influence, who chooses by his own knowledge all whom he trusts, and whom none are tempted to deceive by hope or fear? Surely he has nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy.”

“Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness, said Nekayah, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue. All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad and good: they are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction; they sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is quietness of conscience, a steady prospect of a happier state; this may enable us to endure calamity with patience; but remember that patience must suppose pain.”

C H A P. XXVIII.

RASSELAS AND NEKAYAH CONTINUE THEIR CON-
VERSATION.

“**D**EAR princess, said Rasselas, you fall into the common errors of exaggeratory declamation, by producing, in a familiar disquisition, examples of national calamities, and scenes of extensive misery, which are found in books rather than in the world, and which, as they are horrid, are ordained to be rare. Let us not imagine evils which we do not feel, nor injure life by misrepresentations. I cannot bear that querulous eloquence which threatens every city with a siege like that of Jerusalem, that makes famine attend on every flight of locusts, and suspends pestilence on the wing of every blast that issues from the south.

“On necessary and inevitable evils, which overwhelm kingdoms at once, all disputation is vain: when they happen they must be endured. But it is evident, that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt; thousands and ten thousands flourish in youth, and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestick evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether their kings are mild or cruel, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies, or retreat before them. While courts are disturbed with intestine competitions, and ambassadors are negotiating in foreign countries, the smith still plies his anvil, and the husbandman drives his plow forward; the necessaries of life are required and obtained;

tained; and the successive business of the seasons continues to make its wonted revolutions.

“ Let us cease to consider what, perhaps, may never happen, and what, when it shall happen, will laugh at human speculation. We will not endeavour to modify the motions of the elements, or to fix the destiny of kingdoms. It is our business to consider what beings like us may perform; each labouring for his own happiness, by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happiness of others.

“ Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.”

“ I know not, said the princess, whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contests of disagreeable virtues, where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts.”

“ You seem to forget, replied Rasselas, that you have, even now, represented celibacy as less happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worst. Thus it happens when
wrong

wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually destroy each other, and leave the mind open to truth."

"I did not expect, answered the princess, to hear that imputed to falsehood which is the consequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactness objects vast in their extent, and various in their parts. Where we see or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the discriminations, and decide the preference: but of two systems, of which neither can be surveyed by any human being in its full compass of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder, that judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other as either presses on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourselves just as we differ from each other, when we see only part of the question, as in the multifarious relations of politicks and morality; but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies his opinion."

"Let us not add, said the prince, to the other evils of life, the bitterness of controversy, nor endeavour to vie with each other in subtilties of argument. We are employed in a search, of which both are equally to enjoy the success, or suffer by the miscarriage. It is therefore fit that we assist each other. You surely conclude too hastily from the infelicity of marriage against its institution: will not the misery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of heaven? The world must be peopled by marriage, or peopled without it."

"How

“How the world is to be peopled, returned Nekayah, is not my care, and needs not be yours. I see no danger that the present generation should omit to leave successors behind them: we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourselves.”

C H A P. XXVIII.

THE DEBATE OF MARRIAGE CONTINUED.

“THE good of the whole, says Rasselas, is the same with the good of all its parts. If marriage be best for mankind, it must be evidently best for individuals, or a permanent and necessary duty must be the cause of evil, and some must be inevitably sacrificed to the convenience of others. In the estimate which you have made of the two states, it appears that the inconveniences of a single life are, in a great measure, necessary and certain, but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable.

“I cannot forbear to flatter myself, that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cause of general complaint. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment?

“Such is the common process of marriage. A youth or maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of one another.

Having

Having little to divert attention, or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.

“ From those early marriages proceeds likewise the rivalry of parents and children: the son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

“ Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection: one advantage, at least, will be certain; the parents will be visibly older than their children.”

“ What reason cannot collect, said Nekayah, and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a question too important to be neglected, and I have often proposed it to those, whose accuracy of remark, and comprehensiveness of knowledge, made their suffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined, that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each

other, at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects.

“It is scarcely possible that two travelling through the world under the conduct of chance, should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken: he that attempts to change the course of his own life, very often labours in vain; and how shall we do that for others, which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?

“But surely, interposed the prince, you suppose the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question, whether she be willing to be led by reason?”

“Thus it is, said Nekayah, that philosophers are deceived. There are a thousand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logick ridiculous; cases where something must be done, and where little can be said. Consider the state of mankind, and inquire how few can be supposed to act upon any occasions,

occasions, whether small or great, with all the reasons of action present to their minds. Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestick day.

“Those who marry at an advanced age, will probably escape the encroachments of their children; but, in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian’s mercy: or, if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best either wise or great.

“From their children, if they have less to fear, they have less also to hope, and they lose, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies, by continual attrition, conform their surfaces to each other.

“I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners.”

“The union of these two affections, said Rasselas, would produce all that could be wished. Perhaps there is a time when marriage might unite them, a time neither too early for the father, nor too late for the husband.”

“Every hour, answered the princess, confirms my prejudice in favour of the position so often uttered by the mouth of Imlac, ‘That nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left.’ Those conditions, which flatter hope and attract desire, are so consti-

tuted, that, as we approach one, we recede from another. There are goods so opposed that we cannot seize both, but, by too much prudence, may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration; he does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you make your choice, and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of the spring: no man can, at the same time, fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile."

C H A P. XXXIX.

IMLAC ENTERS, AND CHANGES THE CONVERSATION.

HERE Imlac entered, and interrupted them. "Imlac, said Rasselas, I have been taking from the princess the dismal history of private life, and am almost discouraged from further search."

"It seems to me, said Imlac, that while you are making the choice of life, you neglect to live. You wander about a single city, which, however large and diversified, can now afford few novelties, and forget that you are in a country, famous among the earliest monarchies for the power and wisdom of its inhabitants; a country where the sciences first dawned that illuminate the world, and beyond which the arts cannot be traced of civil society or domestick life.

"The old Egyptians have left behind them monuments of industry and power, before which all
European

European magnificence is confessed to fade away. The ruins of their architecture are the schools of modern builders, and from the wonders which time has spared we may conjecture, though uncertainly, what it has destroyed."

"My curiosity, said Raffelas, does not very strongly lead me to survey piles of stone, or mounds of earth; my business is with man. I came hither not to measure fragments of temples, or trace choaked aqueducts, but to look upon the various scenes of the present world."

"The things that are now before us, said the princess, require attention, and deserve it. What have I to do with the heroes or the monuments of ancient times? with times which never can return, and heroes, whose form of life was different from all that the present condition of mankind requires or allows?"

"To know any thing, returned the poet, we must know its effects; to see men we must see their works, that we may learn what reason has dictated, or passion has incited, and find what are the most powerful motives of action. To judge rightly of the present we must oppose it to the past; for all judgment is comparative, and of the future nothing can be known. The truth is, that no mind is much employed upon the present: recollection and anticipation fill up almost all our moments. Our passions are joy and grief, love and hatred, hope and fear. Of joy and grief the past is the object, and the future of hope and fear; even love and hatred respect the past, for the cause must have been before the effect.

“ The present state of things is the consequence of the former, and it is natural to inquire what were the sources of the good that we enjoy, or the evil that we suffer. If we act only for ourselves, to neglect the study of history is not prudent : if we are intrusted with the care of others, it is not just. Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal ; and he may properly be charged with evil who refused to learn how he might prevent it.

“ There is no part of history so generally useful as that which relates the progress of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reason, the successive advances of science, the vicissitudes of learning and ignorance which are the light and darkness of thinking beings, the extinction and refuscitation of arts, and the revolutions of the intellectual world. If accounts of battles and invasions are peculiarly the business of princes, the useful or elegant arts are not to be neglected ; those who have kingdoms to govern, have understandings to cultivate.

“ Example is always more efficacious than precept. A foldier is formed in war, and a painter must copy pictures. In this, contemplative life has the advantage : great actions are seldom seen, but the labours of art are always at hand for those who desire to know what art has been able to perform.

“ When the eye or the imagination is struck with any uncommon work, the next transition of an active mind is to the means by which it was performed. Here begins the true use of such contemplation ; we enlarge our comprehension by new ideas, and perhaps recover some art lost to mankind, or learn what is less perfectly known in our
own

own country. At least we compare our own with former times, and either rejoice at our improvements, or, what is the first motion towards good, discover our defects."

"I am willing, said the prince, to see all that can deserve my search." "And I, said the princess, shall rejoice to learn something of the manners of antiquity."

"The most pompous monument of Egyptian greatness, and one of the most bulky works of manual industry, said Imlac, are the Pyramids; fabrics raised before the time of history, and of which the earliest narratives afford us only uncertain traditions. Of these the greatest is still standing very little injured by time."

"Let us visit them to-morrow, said Nekayah. I have often heard of the Pyramids, and shall not rest, till I have seen them within and without with my own eyes."

CHAP. XXX.

THEY VISIT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE resolution being thus taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the Pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They travelled gently, turned aside to every thing remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base, and the height of the top. Imlac explained to them the principles upon which the pyramidal form was chosen for a fabrick intended to co-extend its duration with that of the world: he shewed that its gradual diminution gave it such stability, as defeated all the common attacks of the elements, and could scarcely be overthrown by earthquakes themselves, the least resistible of natural violence. A concussion that should shatter the pyramid would threaten the dissolution of the continent.

They measured all its dimensions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides climbed up to the first passage, when the favourite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled. "Pekuah, said the princess, of what art thou afraid?" "Of the narrow entrance, answered the lady, and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place which must surely be inhabited by unquiet souls. The original possessors of these dreadful vaults will start up before us, and perhaps shut us in for ever." She spoke, and threw her arms round the neck of her mistress.

"If all your fear be of apparitions, said the prince, I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more."

"That the dead are seen no more, said Imlac, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among

among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those, that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.

“Yet I do not mean to add new terrours to those which have already seized upon Pekuah. There can be no reason why spectres should haunt the pyramid more than other places, or why they should have power or will to hurt innocence and purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them, how then can we offend them?”

“My dear Pekuah, said the princess, I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princess of Abissinia.”

“If the princess is pleased that her servant should die, returned the lady, let her command some death less dreadful than enclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not disobey you: I must go if you command me; but, if I once enter, I never shall come back.”

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof, and embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was yet not satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as
that

that of entering the recesses of the pyramid. "Though I cannot teach courage, said Nekayah, I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do."

C H A P. XXXI.

THEY ENTER THE PYRAMID.

PEKUAH descended to the tents, and the rest entered the pyramid: they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been repositied. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest a while before they attempted to return.

"We have now, said Imlac, gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

"Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motive. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of Barbarians, whose unskilfulness in arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce, as vultures descend upon domestick fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

"But for the pyramids no reason has ever been given adequate to the cost and labour of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been repositied at far less expence with
equal

equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy, must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use, till use is supplied, must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

“ I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life, by seeing thousands labouring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art, that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the pyramids, and confess thy folly !”

C H A P. XXXII.

THE PRINCESS MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED MIS-
FORTUNE.

THEY rose up, and returned through the cavity at which they had entered, and the princess prepared for her favourite a long narrative of dark labyrinths, and costly rooms, and of the different impressions

impressions which the varieties of the way had made upon her. But when they came to their train, they found every one silent and dejected: the men discovered shame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in the tents.

What had happened they did not try to conjecture, but immediately inquired. “ You had scarcely entered into the pyramid, said one of the attendants, when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us: we were too few to resist them, and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight; but they seized the lady Pekuah with her two maids, and carried them away: the Turks are now pursuing them by our instigation, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them.”

The princess was overpowered with surprise and grief. Rasselas, in the first heat of his resentment, ordered his servants to follow him, and prepared to pursue the robbers with his sabre in his hand. “ Sir, said Imlac, what can you hope from violence or valour? the Arabs are mounted on horses trained to battle and retreat; we have only beasts of burden. By leaving our present station we may lose the princess, but cannot hope to regain Pekuah.”

In a short time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. The princess burst out into new lamentations, and Rasselas could scarcely forbear to reproach them with cowardice; but Imlac was of opinion, that the escape of the Arabs was no addition to their misfortune, for perhaps they would have killed their captives rather than have resigned them.

C H A P. XXXIII.

THEY RETURN TO CAIRO WITHOUT PEKUAH.

THERE was nothing to be hoped from longer stay. They returned to Cairo repenting of their curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness which had neglected to procure a guard, imagining many expedients by which the loss of Pekuah might have been prevented, and resolving to do something for her recovery, though none could find any thing proper to be done.

Nekayah retired to her chamber, where her women attempted to comfort her, by telling her that all had their troubles, and that lady Pekuah had enjoyed much happiness in the world for a long time, and might reasonably expect a change of fortune. They hoped that some good would befall her where-soever she was, and that their mistress would find another friend who might supply her place.

The princess made them no answer, and they continued the form of condolence, not much grieved in their hearts that the favourite was lost.

Next day the prince presented to the Bassa a memorial of the wrong which he had suffered, and a petition for redress. The Bassa threatened to punish the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them, nor indeed, could any account or description be given by which he might direct the pursuit.

It soon appeared that nothing would be done by authority. Governors, being accustomed to hear of

more crimes than they can punish, and more wrongs than they can redress, set themselves at ease by indiscriminate negligence, and presently forget the request when they lose sight of the petitioner.

Imlac then endeavoured to gain some intelligence by private agents. He found many who pretended to an exact knowledge of all the haunts of the Arabs, and to regular correspondence with their chiefs, and who readily undertook the recovery of Pekuah. Of these, some were furnished with money for their journey, and came back no more; some were liberally paid for accounts which a few days discovered to be false. But the princess would not suffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While she was doing something she kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was suggested; when one messenger returned unsuccessful, another was dispatched to a different quarter.

Two months had now passed, and of Pekuah nothing had been heard; the hopes which they had endeavoured to raise in each other grew more languid, and the princess, when she saw nothing more to be tried, sunk down inconsolable in hopeless dejection. A thousand times she reproached herself with the easy compliance by which she permitted her favourite to stay behind her. "Had not my fondness, said she, lessened my authority, Pekuah had not dared to talk of her terrours. She ought to have feared me more than spectres. A severe look would have overpowered her; a peremptory command would have compelled obedience. Why did foolish indulgence prevail upon me? Why did I not speak, and refuse to hear?"

“Great princess, said Imlac, do not reproach yourself for your virtue, or consider that as blameable by which evil has accidentally been caused. Your tenderness for the timidity of Pekuah was generous and kind. When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. When, in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves. Man cannot so far know the connexion of causes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pursue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompence. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the settled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success, because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault: but, if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortless is the sorrow of him who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him?

“Consider, princess, what would have been your condition, if the lady Pekuah had entreated to accompany you, and being compelled to stay in the tents, had been carried away; or how would you have borne the thought, if you had forced her into the pyramid, and she had died before you in agonies of terror?”

“Had

“ Had either happened, said Nekayah, I could not have endured life till now: I should have been tortured to madness by the remembrance of such cruelty, or must have pined away in abhorrence of myself.”

“ This at least, said Imlac, is the present reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to repent it.”

C H A P. XXXIV.

THE PRINCESS LANGUISHES FOR WANT OF PEKUAH.

N E K A Y A H being thus reconciled to herself, found that no evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong. She was, from that time, delivered from the violence of tempestuous sorrow, and sunk into silent pensiveness and gloomy tranquillity. She sat from morning to evening recollecting all that had been done or said by her Pekuah, treasured up with care every trifle on which Pekuah had set an accidental value, and which might recal to mind any little incident or careless conversation. The sentiments of her, whom she now expected to see no more, were treasured in her memory as rules of life, and she deliberated to no other end, than to conjecture on any occasion what would have been the opinion and counsel of Pekuah.

The women, by whom she was attended, knew nothing of her real condition, and therefore she could not talk to them but with caution and reserve. She began to remit her curiosity, having no great care
to

to collect notions which she had no convenience of uttering. Rasselas endeavoured first to comfort, and afterwards to divert her; he hired musicians, to whom she seemed to listen, but did not hear them, and procured masters to instruct her in various arts, whose lectures, when they visited her again, were again to be repeated. She had lost her taste of pleasure, and her ambition of excellence. And her mind, though forced into short excursions, always recurred to the image of her friend.

Imlac was every morning earnestly enjoined to renew his inquiries, and was asked every night whether he had yet heard of Pekuah, till not being able to return the princess the answer that she desired, he was less and less willing to come into her presence. She observed his backwardness, and commanded him to attend her. "You are not, said she, to confound impatience with resentment, or to suppose that I charge you with negligence, because I repine at your unsuccessfulness. I do not much wonder at your absence; I know that the unhappy are never pleasing, and that all naturally avoid the contagion of misery. To hear complaints is wearisome alike to the wretched and the happy; for who would cloud, by adventitious grief, the short gleams of gaiety which life allows us? or who, that is struggling under his own evils, will add to them the miseries of another?"

"The time is at hand, when none shall be disturbed any longer by the sighs of Nekayah: my search after happiness is now at an end. I am resolved to retire from the world with all its flatteries and deceits, and will hide myself in solitude without

any other care than to compose my thoughts, and regulate my hours by a constant succession of innocent occupations, till, with a mind purified from all earthly desires, I shall enter into that state, to which all are hastening, and in which I hope again to enjoy the friendship of Pekuah."

"Do not entangle your mind, said Imlac, by irrevocable determinations, nor increase the burthen of life by a voluntary accumulation of misery: the weariness of retirement will continue or increase when the loss of Pekuah is forgotten. That you have been deprived of one pleasure, is no very good reason for rejection of the rest."

"Since Pekuah was taken from me, said the princess, I have no pleasure to reject or to retain. She that has no one to love or trust has little to hope. She wants the radical principle of happiness. We may, perhaps, allow that what satisfaction this world can afford, must arise from the conjunction of wealth, knowledge, and goodness: wealth is nothing but as it is bestowed, and knowledge nothing but as it is communicated: they must therefore be imparted to others, and to whom could I now delight to impart them? Goodness affords the only comfort which can be enjoyed without a partner, and goodness may be practised in retirement."

"How far solitude may admit goodness, or advance it, I shall not, replied Imlac, dispute at present. Remember the confession of the pious hermit. You will wish to return into the world, when the image of your companion has left your thoughts."

"That time, said Nekayah, will never come. The generous frankness, the modest obsequiousness, and
the

the faithful secrecy of my dear Pekuah, will always be more missed, as I shall live longer to see vice and folly."

"The state of a mind oppressed with a sudden calamity, said Imlac, is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came upon them, supposed that day would never return. When the clouds of sorrow gather over us, we see nothing beyond them, nor can imagine how they will be dispelled: yet a new day succeeded to the night, and sorrow is never long without a dawn of ease. But they who restrain themselves from receiving comfort, do as the savages would have done, had they put out their eyes when it was dark. Our minds, like our bodies, are in continual flux; something is hourly lost, and something acquired. To lose much at once is inconvenient to either, but while the vital powers remain uninjured, nature will find the means of reparation. Distance has the same effect on the mind as on the eye, and while we glide along the stream of time, whatever we leave behind us is always lessening, and that which we approach increasing in magnitude. Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion: commit yourself again to the current of the world; Pekuah will vanish by degrees; you will meet in your way some other favourite, or learn to diffuse yourself in general conversation."

"At least, said the prince, do not despair before all remedies have been tried: the enquiry after the unfortunate lady is still continued, and shall be carried on with yet greater diligence, on condition

that you will promise to wait a year for the event, without any unalterable resolution.”

Nekayah thought this a reasonable demand, and made the promise to her brother, who had been advised by Imlac to require it. Imlac had, indeed, no great hope of regaining Pekuah, but he supposed, that if he could secure the interval of a year, the princess would be then in no danger of a cloister.

C H A P. XXXV.

PEKUAH IS STILL REMEMBERED. THE PROGRESS OF
SORROW.

NEKAYAH, seeing that nothing was omitted for the recovery of her favourite, and having, by her promise, set her intention of retirement at a distance, began imperceptibly to return to common cares and common pleasures. She rejoiced without her own consent at the suspension of her sorrows, and sometimes caught herself with indignation in the act of turning away her mind from the remembrance of her, whom yet she resolved never to forget.

She then appointed a certain hour of the day for meditation on the merits and fondness of Pekuah, and for some weeks retired constantly at the time fixed, and returned with her eyes swollen and her countenance clouded. By degrees she grew less scrupulous, and suffered any important and pressing avocation to delay the tribute of daily tears. She then yielded to less occasions; sometimes forgot what she was indeed afraid to remember, and, at

last, wholly released herself from the duty of periodical affliction.

Her real love of Pekuah was yet not diminished. A thousand occurrences brought her back to memory, and a thousand wants, which nothing but the confidence of friendship can supply, made her frequently regretted. She, therefore, solicited Imlac never to desist from enquiry, and to leave no art of intelligence untried, that, at least, she might have the comfort of knowing that she did not suffer by negligence or sluggishness. “ Yet what, said she, is to be expected from our pursuit of happiness, when we find the state of life to be such, that happiness itself is the cause of misery? Why should we endeavour to attain that, of which the possession cannot be secured? I shall henceforward fear to yield my heart to excellence, however bright, or to fondness, however tender, lest I should lose again what I have lost in Pekuah.”

C H A P. XXXVI.

THE PRINCESS HEARS NEWS OF PEKUAH.

IN seven months, one of the messengers, who had been sent away upon the day when the promise was drawn from the princess, returned, after many unsuccessful rambles, from the borders of Nubia, with an account that Pekuah was in the hands of an Arab chief, who possessed a castle or fortress on the extremity of Egypt. The Arab, whose revenue was plunder, was willing to restore her, with her two attendants, for two hundred ounces of gold.

The price was no subject of debate. The princess was in extasies when she heard that her favourite was alive, and might so cheaply be ransomed. She could not think of delaying for a moment Pekuah's happiness or her own, but entreated her brother to send back the messenger with the sum required. Imlac being consulted, was not very confident of the veracity of the relator, and was still more doubtful of the Arab's faith, who might, if he were too liberally trusted, detain at once the money and the captives. He thought it dangerous to put themselves in the power of the Arab, by going into his district, and could not expect that the Rover would so much expose himself as to come into the lower country, where he might be seized by the forces of the Bassa.

It is difficult to negotiate where neither will trust. But Imlac, after some deliberation, directed the messenger to propose that Pekuah should be conducted by ten horsemen to the monastery of St. Antony, which is situated in the deserts of Upper-Egypt, where she should be met by the same number, and her ransom should be paid.

That no time might be lost, as they expected that the proposal would not be refused, they immediately began their journey to the monastery; and, when they arrived, Imlac went forward with the former messenger to the Arab's fortrefs. Rasselas was desirous to go with them; but neither his sister nor Imlac would consent. The Arab, according to the custom of his nation, observed the laws of hospitality with great exactness to those who put themselves into his power, and, in a few days, brought

brought Pekuah with her maids, by easy journies, to the place appointed, where receiving the stipulated price, he restored her with great respect to liberty and her friends, and undertook to conduct them back towards Cairo beyond all danger of robbery or violence.

The princess and her favourite embraced each other with transport too violent to be expressed, and went out together to pour the tears of tenderness in secret, and exchange professions of kindness and gratitude. After a few hours they returned into the refectory of the convent, where, in the presence of the prior and his brethren, the prince required of Pekuah the history of her adventures.

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LADY PEKUAH.

“**A**T what time, and in what manner, I was forced away, said Pekuah, your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupified than agitated with any passion of either fear or sorrow. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us, or were afraid of those whom they made a shew of menacing.

“When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger they slackened their course, and as I was less harassed by external violence, I began to feel more uneasiness in my mind. After some time we stopped

near a spring shaded with trees in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground, and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence, and from time to time looked on me for succour. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, nor could conjecture where would be the place of our captivity, or whence to draw any hope of deliverance. I was in the hands of robbers and savages, and had no reason to suppose that their pity was more than their justice, or that they would forbear the gratification of any ardour of desire, or caprice of cruelty. I, however, kissed my maids, and endeavoured to pacify them by remarking, that we were yet treated with decency, and that, since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

“ When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me, and refused to be parted, but I commanded them not to irritate those who had us in their power. We travelled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country, and came by moon-light to the side of a hill, where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched, and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependants.

“ We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper
which

which they had provided, and I eat it rather to encourage my maids, than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they spread the carpets for repose. I was weary, and hoped to find in sleep that remission of distress which nature seldom denies. Ordering myself therefore to be undrest, I observed that the women looked very earnestly upon me, not expecting, I suppose, to see me so submissively attended. When my upper vest was taken off, they were apparently struck with the splendour of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out, and, in a short time, came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank, and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the usual act of reverence, and taking me by the hand, placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

“ In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect. “ Illustrious lady, said he, my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope; I am told by my women, that I have a princess in my camp.” Sir, answered I, your women have deceived themselves and you; I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger who intended soon to have left this country, in which I am now to be imprisoned for ever. “ Whoever, or whencesoever, you are, returned the Arab, your dress, and that of your servants, shew your rank to be high, and your wealth to be great. Why should you, who can so easily procure your ransom,

ransom, think yourself in danger of perpetual captivity? The purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or, more properly, to gather tribute. The sons of Ishmael are the natural and hereditary lords of this part of the continent, which is usurped by late invaders, and low-born tyrants, from whom we are compelled to take by the sword what is denied to justice. The violence of war admits no distinction; the lance, that is lifted at guilt and power, will sometimes fall on innocence and gentleness."

"How little, said I, did I expect that yesterday it should have fallen upon me!"

"Misfortunes, answered the Arab, should always be expected. If the eye of hostility could learn reverence or pity, excellence like yours had been exempt from injury. But the angels of affliction spread their toils alike for the virtuous and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean. Do not be disconsolate: I am not one of the lawless and cruel rovers of the desert; I know the rules of civil life: I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality."

"You will easily believe that I was pleased with his courtesy: and finding that his predominant passion was desire of money, I began now to think my danger less, for I knew that no sum would be thought too great for the release of Pekuah. I told him, that he should have no reason to charge me with ingratitude, if I was used with kindness, and that any ransom which could be expected for a maid of common rank, would be paid; but that he

he must not persist to rate me as a princess. He said, he would consider what he should demand, and then smiling, bowed and retired.

“ Soon after the women came about me, each contending to be more officious than the other, and my maids themselves were served with reverence. We travelled onward by short journeys. On the fourth day the chief told me, that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold ; which I not only promised him, but told him, that I would add fifty more, if I and my maids were honourably treated.

“ I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. We now had camels and other conveniences for travel, my own women were always at my side, and I amused myself with observing the manners of the vagrant nations, and with viewing remains of ancient edifices, with which these deserted countries appear to have been, in some distant age, lavishly embellished.

“ The chief of the band was a man far from illiterate: he was able to travel by the stars or the compass, and had marked, in his erratick expeditions, such places as are most worthy the notice of a passenger. He observed to me, that buildings are always best preserved in places little frequented, and difficult of access: for, when once a country declines from its primitive splendour, the more inhabitants are left, the quicker ruin will be made. Walls supply stones more easily than quarries, and palaces and temples will be demolished, to make stables of granate, and cottages of porphyry.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEKUAH CONTINUED.

“WE wandered about in this manner for some weeks, whether, as our chief pretended, for my gratification, or as I rather suspected, for some convenience of his own. I endeavoured to appear contented where fullness and resentment would have been of no use, and that endeavour conducted much to the calmness of my mind; but my heart was always with Nekayah, and the troubles of the night much overbalanced the amusements of the day. My women, who threw all their cares upon their mistress, set their minds at ease from the time when they saw me treated with respect, and gave themselves up to the incidental alleviations of our fatigue without solicitude or sorrow. I was pleased with their pleasure, and animated with their confidence. My condition had lost much of its terror, since I found that the Arab ranged the country merely to get riches. Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind; that which soothes the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous there is a ready way; bring money and nothing is denied.

“At last we came to the dwelling of our chief, a strong and spacious house built with stone in an island of the Nile, which lies, as I was told, under the tropick. “Lady, said the Arab, you shall rest after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as sovereign. My occupation

pation is war: I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected, and to which I can retire unpersecuted. You may now repose in security: here are few pleasures, but here is no danger." He then led me into the inner apartments, and seating me on the richest couch, bowed to the ground. His women, who considered me as a rival, looked on me with malignity; but being soon informed that I was a great lady detained only for my ransom, they began to vie with each other in obsequiousness and reverence.

"Being again comforted with new assurances of speedy liberty, I was for some days diverted from impatience by the novelty of the place. The turrets overlooked the country to a great distance, and afforded a view of many windings of the stream. In the day I wandered from one place to another, as the course of the sun varied the splendour of the prospect, and saw many things which I had never seen before. The crocodiles and river-horses are common in this unpeopled region, and I often looked upon them with terror, though I knew that they could not hurt me. For some time I expected to see mermaids and tritons, which, as Imlac has told me, the European travellers have stationed in the Nile, but no such beings ever appeared, and the Arab, when I enquired after them, laughed at my credulity.

"At night the Arab always attended me to a tower set apart for celestial observations, where he endeavoured to teach me the names and courses of the stars. I had no great inclination to this study, but an appearance of attention was necessary to please

please my instructor, who valued himself for his skill; and, in a little while, I found some employment requisite to beguile the tediousness of time, which was to be passed always amidst the same objects. I was weary of looking in the morning on things from which I had turned away weary in the evening: I therefore was at last willing to observe the stars rather than do nothing, but could not always compose my thoughts, and was very often thinking on Nekayah, when others imagined me contemplating the sky. Soon after the Arab went upon another expedition, and then my only pleasure was to talk with my maids about the accident by which we were carried away, and the happiness that we should all enjoy at the end of our captivity."

"There were women in your Arab's fortrefs, said the princess, why did you not make them your companions, enjoy their conversation, and partake their diversions? In a place where they found business or amusement, why should you alone sit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could not you bear, for a few months, that condition to which they were condemned for life?"

"The diversions of the women, answered Pekuah, were only childish play, by which the mind, accustomed to stronger operations, could not be kept busy. I could do all which they delighted in doing by powers merely sensitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt, that the rest might be alarmed;

ed; or hid herself, that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching the progress of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the sky.

“ Their business was only needle-work, in which I and my maids sometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor will you suspect that captivity and absence from Nekayah could receive solace from filken flowers.

“ Nor was much satisfaction to be hoped from their conversation: for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing; for they had lived from early youth in that narrow spot: of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they could not read. They had no ideas but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food. As I bore a superiour character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amused me to hear the complaints of each against the rest, I might have been often detained by long stories; but the motives of their animosity were so small that I could not listen without intercepting the tale.”

“ How, said Raffelas, can the Arab, whom you represented as a man of more than common accomplishments, take any pleasure in his seraglio when it is filled only with women like these? Are they exquisitely beautiful?”

“ They

“ They do not, said Pekuah, want that unaffected and ignoble beauty which may subsist without spriteliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But to a man like the Arab such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him he looked on them with inattentive superiority: when they vied for his regard, he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life: as they had no choice, their fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude; he was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard, of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted, not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time, such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow.”

“ You have reason, lady, to think yourself happy, said Imlac, that you have been thus easily dismissed. How could a mind, hungry for knowledge, be willing, in an intellectual famine, to lose such a banquet as Pekuah’s conversation?”

“ I am inclined to believe, answered Pekuah, that he was for some time in suspense; for, notwithstanding

standing his promise, whenever I proposed to dispatch a messenger to Cairo, he found some excuse for delay. While I was detained in his house he made many incursions into the neighbouring countries, and, perhaps, he would have refused to discharge me, had his plunder been equal to his wishes. He returned always courteous, related his adventures, delighted to hear my observations, and endeavoured to advance my acquaintance with the stars. When I importuned him to send away my letters, he soothed me with professions of honour and sincerity; and, when I could be no longer decently denied, put his troop again in motion, and left me to govern in his absence. I was much afflicted by this studied procrastination, and was sometimes afraid that I should be forgotten; that you would leave Cairo, and I must end my days in an island of the Nile.

“ I grew at last hopeless and dejected, and cared so little to entertain him, that he for a while more frequently talked with my maids. That he should fall in love with them, or with me, might have been equally fatal, and I was not much pleased with the growing friendship. My anxiety was not long; for, as I recovered some degree of cheerfulness, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to despise my former uneasiness.

“ He still delayed to send for my ransom, and would, perhaps, never have determined, had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He hastened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of

an intestine conflict. I took leave of my companions in the house, who dismissed me with cold indifference."

Nekayah having heard her favourite's relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her an hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised.

C H A P. XXXIX.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF LEARNING.

THEY returned to Cairo, and were so well pleased at finding themselves together, that none of them went much abroad. The prince began to love learning, and one day declared to Imlac, that he intended to devote himself to science, and pass the rest of his days in literary solitude.

"Before you make your final choice, answered Imlac, you ought to examine its hazards, and converse with some of those who are grown old in the company of themselves. I have just left the observatory of one of the most learned astronomers in the world, who has spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the celestial bodies, and has drawn out his soul in endless calculations. He admits a few friends once a month to hear his deductions and enjoy his discoveries. I was introduced as a man of knowledge worthy of his notice. Men of various ideas, and fluent conversation, are commonly welcome to those whose thoughts have been long fixed upon a single point, and who find the images of other things stealing away. I delighted him with my remarks; he

smiled at the narrative of my travels, and was glad to forget the constellations, and descend for a moment into the lower world.

“On the next day of vacation I renewed my visit, and was so fortunate as to please him again. He relaxed from that time the severity of his rule, and permitted me to enter at my own choice. I found him always busy, and always glad to be relieved. As each knew much which the other was desirous of learning, we exchanged our notions with great delight. I perceived that I had every day more of his confidence, and always found new cause of admiration in the profundity of his mind. His comprehension is vast, his memory capacious and retentive, his discourse is methodical, and his expression clear.

“His integrity and benevolence are equal to his learning. His deepest researches and most favourite studies are willingly interrupted for any opportunity of doing good by his counsel or his riches. To his closest retreat, at his most busy moments, all are admitted that want his assistance: “For though I exclude idleness and pleasure, I will never, says he, bar my doors against charity. To man is permitted the contemplation of the skies, but the practice of virtue is commanded.”

“Surely, said the princess, this man is happy.”

“I visited him, said Imlac, with more and more frequency, and was every time more enamoured of his conversation: he was sublime without haughtiness, courteous without formality, and communicative without ostentation. I was at first, great princess, of your opinion, thought him the happiest

of mankind, and often congratulated him on the blessing that he enjoyed. He seemed to hear nothing with indifference but the praises of his condition, to which he always returned a general answer, and diverted the conversation to some other topick.

“ Amidst this willingness to be pleased, and labour to please, I had quickly reason to imagine that some painful sentiment pressed upon his mind. He often looked up earnestly towards the sun, and let his voice fall in the midst of his discourse. He would sometimes when we were alone, gaze upon me in silence with the air of a man who longed to speak what he was yet resolved to suppress. He would often send for me with vehement injunctions of haste, though, when I came to him, he had nothing extraordinary to say. And sometimes, when I was leaving him, would call me back, pause a few moments, and then dismiss me.

C H A P. XL.

THE ASTRONOMER DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF HIS UNEASINESS.

“ **A**T last the time came when the secret burst his reserve. We were sitting together last night in the turret of his house, watching the emersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky, and disappointed our observation. We sat a while silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words: “ Imlac, I have long considered thy friendship as the greatest blessing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and
useless,

useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I have found in thee all the qualities requisite for trust, benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long discharged an office which I must soon quit at the call of nature, and shall rejoice in the hour of imbecility and pain to devolve it upon thee."

"I thought myself honoured by this testimony, and protested, that whatever could conduce to his happiness would add likewise to mine."

"Hear Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of weather, and the distribution of the seasons: the sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropick to tropick by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervours of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe, if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the sun to either side of the equator?"

C H A P. XLI.

THE OPINION OF THE ASTRONOMER IS EXPLAINED
AND JUSTIFIED.

“**I** SUPPOSE he discovered in me, through the obscurity of the room, some tokens of amazement and doubt, for, after a short pause, he proceeded thus :”

“ Not to be easily credited will neither surprise nor offend me ; for I am, probably, the first of human beings to whom this trust has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem this distinction a reward or punishment ; since I have possessed it I have been far less happy than before, and nothing but the consciousness of good intention could have enabled me to support the weariness of unremitted vigilance.”

“ How long, Sir, said I, has this great office been in your hands ?”

“ About ten years ago, said he, my daily observations of the changes of the sky led me to consider, whether, if I had the power of the seasons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation fastened on my mind, and I sat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the showers of fertility, and seconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of sunshine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I should ever have the power.

“ One day, as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could

I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall, and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had listened to my lips."

"Might not some other cause, said I, produce this concurrence? the Nile does not always rise on the same day."

"Do not believe, said he with impatience, that such objections could escape me: I reasoned long against my own conviction, and laboured against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible, and the incredible from the false."

"Why, Sir, said I, do you call that incredible, which you know, or think you know, to be true?"

"Because, said he, I cannot prove it by any external evidence; and I know too well the laws of demonstration to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conscious of its force. I, therefore, shall not attempt to gain credit by disputation. It is sufficient that I feel this power, that I have long possessed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is short, the infirmities of age increase upon me, and the time will soon come, when the regulator of the year must mingle with the dust. The care of appointing a successor has long disturbed me; the night and the day have been spent in comparisons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none so worthy as thyself.

C H A P. XLII.

THE ASTRONOMER LEAVES IMLAC HIS DIRECTIONS.

“**H**EAR, therefore, what I shall impart with attention, such as the welfare of a world requires. If the task of a king be considered as difficult, who has the care only of a few millions, to whom he cannot do much good or harm, what must be the anxiety of him, on whom depends the action of the elements, and the great gifts of light and heat!—Hear me therefore with attention.

“I have diligently considered the position of the earth and sun, and formed innumerable schemes in which I changed their situation. I have sometimes turned aside the axis of the earth, and sometimes varied the ecliptick of the sun: but I have found it impossible to make a disposition by which the world may be advantaged; what one region gains, another loses by an imaginable alteration, even without considering the distant parts of the solar system with which we are unacquainted. Do not therefore, in thy administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not please thyself with thinking that thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages, by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.”

“I promised, that when I possessed the power, I would use it with inflexible integrity; and he dismissed

missed me, pressing my hand." "My heart, said he, will be now at rest, and my benevolence will no more destroy my quiet; I have found a man of wisdom and virtue, to whom I can cheerfully bequeath the inheritance of the sun."

The prince heard this narration with very serious regard; but the princess smiled, and Pekuah convulsed herself with laughter. "Ladies, said Imlac, to mock the heaviest of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wise. Few can attain this man's knowledge, and few practise his virtues; but all may suffer his calamity. Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason."

The princess was recollected, and the favourite was abashed. Rasselas, more deeply affected, inquired of Imlac, whether he thought such maladies of the mind frequent, and how they were contracted?

C H A P. XLIII.

THE DANGEROUS PREVALENCE OF IMAGINATION.

"DISORDERS of intellect, answered Imlac, happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or
fear

fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech or action.

“ To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of excogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external that can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights, which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow.

“ In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood, whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and

and in time despotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish.

“ This, Sir, is one of the dangers of solitude, which the hermit has confessed not always to promote goodness, and the astronomer’s misery has proved to be not always propitious to wisdom.”

“ I will no more, said the favourite, imagine myself the queen of Abissinia. I have often spent the hours, which the princess gave to my own disposal, in adjusting ceremonies and regulating the court; I have repressed the pride of the powerful, and granted the petitions of the poor; I have built new palaces in more happy situations, planted groves upon the tops of mountains, and have exulted in the beneficence of royalty, till, when the princess entered, I had almost forgotten to bow down before her.”

“ And I, said the princess, will not allow myself any more to play the shepherdess in my waking dreams. I have often soothed my thoughts with the quiet and innocence of pastoral employments, till I have in my chamber heard the winds whistle, and the sheep bleat: sometimes freed the lamb entangled in the thicket, and sometimes with my crook encountered the wolf. I have a dress like that of the village maids, which I put on to help my imagination, and a pipe on which I play softly, and suppose myself followed by my flocks.”

“ I will confess, said the prince, an indulgence of fantastick delight more dangerous than yours. I have frequently endeavoured to image the possibility

sibility of a perfect government, by which all wrong should be restrained, all vice reformed, and all the subjects preserved in tranquillity and innocence. This thought produced innumerable schemes of reformation, and dictated many useful regulations and salutary edicts. This has been the sport, and sometimes the labour, of my solitude; and I start, when I think with how little anguish I once supposed the death of my father and my brothers.”

“Such, says Imlac, are the effects of visionary schemes: when we first form them we know them to be absurd, but familiarize them by degrees, and in time lose sight of their folly.”

C H A P. XLIV.

THEY DISCOURSE WITH AN OLD MAN.

THE evening was now far past, and they rose to return home. As they walked along the bank of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw at a small distance an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. “Yonder, said he, is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason: let us close the disquisitions of the night, by inquiring what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life.”

Here the sage approached and saluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled a while, as acquaintance that had unexpectedly met
one

one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. He was pleased to find himself not disregarded, accompanied them to their house, and, at the prince's request, entered with them. They placed him in the seat of honour, and set wine and conserves before him.

“Sir, said the princess, an evening walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and the causes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Everything must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity.”

“Lady, answered he, let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions; it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty: I look round, and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider, that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend who is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the vicissitudes of life. I have ceased to take much delight in physical truth; for what have I to do with those things which I am soon to leave?”

“You may at least recreate yourself, said Imlac, with the recollection of an honourable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you.”

“Praise,

“Praise, said the sage, with a sigh, is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance; for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause; because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended: but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. Something they may yet take away, but they can give me nothing. Riches would now be useless, and high employment would be pain. My retrospect of life recalls to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vacancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquillity; endeavour to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares, which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; expect, with serene humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find, and that virtue which here I have not attained.”

He rose and went away, leaving his audience not much elated with the hope of long life. The prince consoled himself with remarking, that it was not
reasonable

reasonable to be disappointed by this account; for age had never been considered as the season of felicity, and if it was possible to be easy in decline and weakness, it was likely that the days of vigour and alacrity might be happy: that the noon of life might be bright, if the evening could be calm.

The princess suspected that age was querulous and malignant, and delighted to repress the expectations of those who had newly entered the world. She had seen the possessors of estates look with envy on their heirs, and known many who enjoyed pleasure no longer than they can confine it to themselves.

Pekuah conjectured, that the man was older than he appeared, and was willing to impute his complaints to delirious dejection: or else supposed that he had been unfortunate, and was therefore discontented: "For nothing, said she, is more common, than to call our own condition the condition of life."

Imlac, who had no desire to see them depressed, smiled at the comforts which they could so readily procure to themselves, and remembered, that at the same age, he was equally confident of unmingled prosperity, and equally fertile of consolatory expedients. He forbore to force upon them unwelcome knowledge, which time itself would too soon impress. The princess and her lady retired; the madness of the astronomer hung upon their minds, and they desired Imlac to enter upon his office, and delay next morning the rising of the sun.

C H A P. XLV.

THE PRINCESS AND PEKUAH VISIT THE ASTRONOMER.

THE princess and Pekuah having talked in private of Imlac's astronomer, thought his character at once so amiable and so strange, that they could not be satisfied without a nearer knowledge; and Imlac was requested to find the means of bringing them together.

This was somewhat difficult; the philosopher had never received any visits from women, though he lived in a city that had in it many Europeans who followed the manners of their own countries, and many from other parts of the world, that lived there with European liberty. The ladies would not be refused, and several schemes were proposed for the accomplishment of their design. It was proposed to introduce them as strangers in distress, to whom the sage was always accessible; but, after some deliberation, it appeared, that by this artifice, no acquaintance could be formed, for their conversation would be short, and they could not decently importune him often. "This, said Rasselas, is true; but I have yet a stronger objection against the misrepresentation of your state. I have always considered it as treason against the great republick of human nature, to make any man's virtues the means of deceiving him whether on great or little occasions. All imposture weakens confidence, and chills benevolence. When the sage finds that you are not what you seemed, he will feel the resentment natural
to

to a man who, conscious of great abilities, discovers that he has been tricked by understandings meaner than his own, and, perhaps, the distrust, which he can never afterwards wholly lay aside, may stop the voice of counsel, and close the hand of charity; and where will you find the power of restoring his benefactions to mankind, or his peace to himself?"

To this no reply was attempted, and Imlac began to hope that their curiosity would subside; but, next day, Pekuah told him, she had now found an honest pretence for a visit to the astronomer, for she would solicit permission to continue under him the studies in which she had been initiated by the Arab, and the princess might go with her either as a fellow-student, or because a woman could not decently come alone. "I am afraid, said Imlac, that he will be soon weary of your company: men advanced far in knowledge do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with inferences, and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress." "That, said Pekuah, must be my care: I ask of you only to take me thither. My knowledge is, perhaps, more than you imagine it, and, by concurring always with his opinions, I shall make him think it greater than it is."

The astronomer, in pursuance of this resolution, was told, that a foreign lady, travelling in search of knowledge, had heard of his reputation, and was desirous to become his scholar. The uncommonness of the proposal raised at once his surprise and curiosity, and when, after a short deliberation, he con-

sented to admit her; he could not stay without impatience till the next day.

The ladies dressed themselves magnificently, and were attended by Imlac to the astronomer, who was pleased to see himself approached with respect by persons of so splendid an appearance. In the exchange of the first civilities he was timorous and bashful; but when the talk became regular, he recollected his powers, and justified the character which Imlac had given. Inquiring of Pekuah, what could have turned her inclination towards astronomy? he received from her a history of her adventure at the pyramid, and of the time passed in the Arab's island. She told her tale with ease and elegance, and her conversation took possession of his heart. The discourse was then turned to astronomy: Pekuah displayed what she knew: he looked upon her as a prodigy of genius, and entreated her not to desist from a study which she had so happily begun.

They came again and again, and were every time more welcome than before. The sage endeavoured to amuse them, that they might prolong their visits, for he found his thoughts grow brighter in their company; the clouds of solicitude vanished by degrees, as he forced himself to entertain them, and he grieved when he was left at their departure to his old employment of regulating the seasons.

The princess and her favourite had now watched his lips for several months, and could not catch a single word from which they could judge whether he continued, or not, in the opinion of his preternatural commission. They often contrived to bring
him

him to an open declaration; but he easily eluded all their attacks, and on which side soever they pressed him, escaped from them to some other topick.

As their familiarity increased, they invited him often to the house of Imlac, where they distinguished him by extraordinary respect. He began gradually to delight in sublunary pleasures. He came early, and departed late; laboured to recommend himself by assiduity and compliance; excited their curiosity after new arts, that they might still want his assistance; and when they made any excursion of pleasure or inquiry, entreated to attend them.

By long experience of his integrity and wisdom, the prince and his sister were convinced that he might be trusted without danger; and lest he should draw any false hopes from the civilities which he received, discovered to him their condition, with the motives of their journey; and required his opinion on the choice of life.

“Of the various conditions which the world spreads before you, which you shall prefer, said the sage, I am not able to instruct you. I can only tell that I have chosen wrong. I have passed my time in study without experience; in the attainment of sciences which can, for the most part, be but remotely useful to mankind. I have purchased knowledge at the expence of all the common comforts of life: I have missed the endearing elegance of female friendship, and the happy commerce of domestick tenderness. If I have obtained any prerogatives above other students, they have been accompanied with fear, disquiet, and scrupulosity; but even of

these prerogatives, whatever they were, I have, since my thoughts have been diversified by more intercourse with the world, begun to question the reality. When I have been for a few days lost in pleasing dissipation, I am always tempted to think that my inquiries have ended in error, and that I have suffered much, and suffered it in vain."

Imlac was delighted to find that the sage's understanding was breaking through its mists, and resolved to detain him from the planets till he should forget his task of ruling them, and reason should recover its original influence.

From this time the astronomer was received into familiar friendship, and partook of all their projects and pleasures: his respect kept him attentive, and the activity of Rasselas did not leave much time unengaged. Something was always to be done; the day was spent in making observations which furnished talk for the evening, and the evening was closed with a scheme for the morrow.

The sage confessed to Imlac, that since he had mingled in the gay tumults of life, and divided his hours by a succession of amusements, he found the conviction of his authority over the skies fade gradually from his mind, and began to trust less to an opinion which he never could prove to others, and which he now found subject to variation, from causes in which reason had no part. "If I am accidentally left alone for a few hours, said he, my inveterate persuasion rushes upon my soul, and my thoughts are chained down by some irresistible violence; but they are soon disentangled by the prince's conversation,

conversation, and instantaneously released at the entrance of Pekuah. I am like a man habitually afraid of spectres, who is set at ease by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which harassed him in the dark; yet, if his lamp be extinguished, feels again the terrors which he knows that when it is light he shall feel no more. But I am sometimes afraid lest I indulge my quiet by criminal negligence, and voluntarily forget the great charge with which I am intrusted. If I favour myself in a known error, or am determined by my own ease in a doubtful question of this importance, how dreadful is my crime!"

"No disease of the imagination, answered Imlac, is so difficult of cure, as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt: fancy and conscience then act interchangeably upon us, and so often shift their places, that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain, but when melancholick notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition, because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy almost always superstitious.

"But do not let the suggestions of timidity overpower your better reason: the danger of neglect can be but as the probability of the obligation, which when you consider it with freedom, you find very little, and that little growing every day less. Open your heart to the influence of the

light, which, from time to time, breaks in upon you: when scruples importune you, which you in your lucid moments know to be vain, do not stand to parley, but fly to business or to Pekuah, and keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue nor vice, as that you should be singled out for supernatural favours or afflictions."

C H A P. XLVI.

THE PRINCE ENTERS, AND BRINGS A NEW TOPICK.

"ALL this, said the astronomer, I have often thought, but my reason has been so long subjugated by an uncontrollable and overwhelming idea, that it durst not confide in its own decisions. I now see how fatally I betrayed my quiet, by suffering chimeras to prey upon me in secret; but melancholy shrinks from communication, and I never found a man before, to whom I could impart my troubles, though I had been certain of relief. I rejoice to find my own sentiments confirmed by yours, who are not easily deceived, and can have no motive or purpose to deceive. I hope that time and variety will dissipate the gloom that has so long surrounded me, and the latter part of my days will be spent in peace."

"Your learning and virtue, said Imlac, may justly give you hopes."

Rasselas then entered with the princess and Pekuah, and inquired, whether they had contrived any new diversion for the next day? "Such, said Nekayah,

kayah, is the state of life, that none are happy but by the anticipation of change: the change itself is nothing; when we have made it, the next wish is to change again. The world is not yet exhausted; let me see something to-morrow which I never saw before."

"Variety, said Rasselas, is so necessary to content, that even the happy valley disgusted me by the recurrence of its luxuries; yet I could not forbear to reproach myself with impatience, when I saw the monks of St. Anthony support, without complaint, a life, not of uniform delight, but uniform hardship."

"Those men, answered Imlac, are less wretched in their silent convent than the Abissinian princes in their prison of pleasure. Whatever is done by the monks is incited by an adequate and reasonable motive. Their labour supplies them with necessaries; it therefore cannot be omitted, and is certainly rewarded. Their devotion prepares them for another state, and reminds them of its approach, while it fits them for it. Their time is regularly distributed; one duty succeeds another, so that they are not left open to the distraction of unguided choice, nor lost in the shades of listless inactivity. There is a certain task to be performed at an appropriated hour; and their toils are cheerful, because they consider them as acts of piety, by which they are always advancing towards endless felicity."

"Do you think, said Nekayah, that the monastick rule is a more holy and less imperfect state than any other? May not he equally hope for future happiness who converses openly with mankind, who

succours the distressed by his charity, instructs the ignorant by his learning, and contributes by his industry to the general system of life; even though he should omit some of the mortifications which are practised in the cloister, and allow himself such harmless delights as his condition may place within his reach?"

"This, said Imlac, is a question which has long divided the wise, and perplexed the good. I am afraid to decide on either part. He that lives well in the world is better than he that lives well in a monastery. But, perhaps, every one is not able to stem the temptations of publick life; and if he cannot conquer, he may properly retreat. Some have little power to do good, and have likewise little strength to resist evil. Many are weary of their conflicts with adversity, and are willing to eject those passions which have long busied them in vain. And many are dismissed by age and diseases from the more laborious duties of society. In monasteries the weak and timorous may be happily sheltered, the weary may repose, and the penitent may meditate. Those retreats of prayer and contemplation have something so congenial to the mind of man, that, perhaps, there is scarcely one that does not purpose to close his life in pious abstraction with a few associates serious as himself."

"Such, said Pekuah, has often been my wish, and I have heard the princess declare, that she should not willingly die in a crowd."

"The liberty of using harmless pleasures, proceeded Imlac, will not be disputed; but it is still to be

be examined what pleasures are harmless. The evil of any pleasure that Nekayah can image is not in the act itself, but in its consequences. Pleasure, in itself harmless, may become mischievous, by endearing to us a state which we know to be transient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that, of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end. Mortification is not virtuous in itself, nor has any other use, but that it disengages us from the allurements of sense. In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint."

The princess was silent, and Rasselas, turning to the astronomer, asked him, whether he could not delay her retreat, by shewing her something which she had not seen before?

"Your curiosity, said the sage, has been so general, and your pursuit of knowledge so vigorous, that novelties are not now very easily to be found: but what you can no longer procure from the living may be given by the dead. Among the wonders of this country are the catacombs, or the ancient repositories, in which the bodies of the earliest generations were lodged, and where, by the virtue of the gums which embalmed them, they yet remain without corruption."

"I know not, said Rasselas, what pleasure the sight of the catacombs can afford; but, since nothing else offered, I am resolved to view them, and shall place this with many other things which I have done, because I would do something."

They

They hired a guard of horsemen, and the next day visited the catacombs. When they were about to descend into the sepulchral caves, "Pekuah, said the princess, we are now again invading the habitations of the dead; I know that you will stay behind; let me find you safe when I return." "No, I will not be left, answered Pekuah; I will go down between you and the prince."

They then all descended, and roved with wonder through the labyrinth of subterraneous passages, where the bodies were laid in rows on either side.

C H A P. XLVII.

IMLAC DISCOURSES ON THE NATURE OF THE SOUL.

"**W**HAT reason, said the prince, can be given, why the Egyptians should thus expensively preserve those carcases which some nations consume with fire, others lay to mingle with the earth, and all agree to remove from their sight, as soon as decent rites can be performed?"

"The original of ancient customs, said Imlac, is commonly unknown; for the practice often continues when the cause has ceased; and concerning superstitious ceremonies it is vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate, reason cannot explain. I have long believed that the practice of embalming arose only from tenderness to the remains of relations or friends, and to this opinion I am more inclined, because it seems impossible that this care should have been general: had all the dead been
embalmed,

embalmed, their repositories must in time have been more spacious than the dwellings of the living. I suppose only the rich or honourable were secured from corruption, and the rest left to the course of nature.

“ But it is commonly supposed that the Egyptians believed the soul to live as long as the body continued undissolved, and therefore tried this method of eluding death.”

“ Could the wise Egyptians, said Nekayah, think so grossly of the soul? If the soul could once survive its separation, what could it afterwards receive or suffer from the body?”

“ The Egyptians would doubtless think erroneously, said the astronomer, in the darkness of heathenism, and the first dawn of philosophy. The nature of the soul is still disputed amidst all our opportunities of clearer knowledge: some yet say, that it may be material, who, nevertheless, believe it to be immortal.”

“ Some, answered Imlac, have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it, who knew how to think; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter.

“ It was never supposed that cogitation is inherent in matter, or that every particle is a thinking being. Yet, if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we suppose to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion,
and

and direction of motion : to which of these, however varied or combined, can consciousness be annexed? To be round or square, to be solid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly one way or another, are modes of material existence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by some new modification, but all the modifications which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers."

"But the materialists, said the astronomer, urge that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted."

"He who will determine, returned Imlac, against that which he knows, because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be over-ruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty."

"Yet let us not, said the astronomer, too arrogantly limit the Creator's power."

"It is no limitation of omnipotence, replied the poet, to suppose that one thing is not consistent with another, that the same proposition cannot be at once true and false, that the same number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation."

"I know

“ I know not, said Nekayah, any great use of this question. Does that immateriality, which, in my opinion, you have sufficiently proved, necessarily include eternal duration ?”

“ Of immateriality, said Imlac, our ideas are negative, and therefore obscure. Immateriality seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay : whatever perishes is destroyed by the solution of its contexture, and separation of its parts ; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no solution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired.”

“ I know not, said Rasselas, how to conceive any thing without extension ; what is extended must have parts, and you allow, that whatever has parts may be destroyed.”

“ Consider your own conceptions, replied Imlac, and the difficulty will be less. You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk : yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn ? or how can either idea suffer laceration ? As is the effect, such is the cause : as thought, such is the power that thinks ; a power impassive and indiscerptible.”

“ But the Being, said Nekayah, whom I fear to name, the Being which made the soul, can destroy it.”

“ He,

“He, surely, can destroy it, answered Imlac, since, however unperishable, it receives from a superiour nature its power of duration. That it will not perish by any inherent cause of decay, or principle of corruption, may be shewn by philosophy; but philosophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by him that made it, we must humbly learn from higher authority.”

The whole assembly stood awhile silent and collected. “Let us return, said Rasselas, from this scene of mortality. How gloomy would be these mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. Those that lie here stretched before us, the wise and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the shortness of our present state: they were, perhaps, snatched away while they were busy like us in the choice of life.”

“To me, said the princess, the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity.”

They then hastened out of the caverns, and, under the protection of their guard, returned to Cairo.

CH A P. XLVIII.

THE CONCLUSION, IN WHICH NOTHING IS CON-
CLUDED.

IT was now the time of the inundation of the Nile: a few days after their visit to the catacombs, the river began to rise.

They were confined to their house. The whole region being under water gave them no invitation to any excursions, and, being well supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness, which each of them had formed.

Pekuah was never so much charmed with any place as the convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens, and to be made prioress of the order: she was weary of expectation and disgust, and would gladly be fixed in some unvariable state.

The princess thought, that of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best: she desired first to learn all sciences, and then purposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence, and patterns of piety.

The prince desired a little kingdom, in which he might administer justice in his own person, and see
all

all the parts of government with his own eyes ; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along the stream of life, without directing their course to any particular port.

Of these wishes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abissinia.



T H E
VISION OF THEODORE,
The HERMIT of TENERIFFE,
FOUND IN HIS CELL.

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour and heard the musick of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits and herbs and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination

to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance required ; but as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it ; and when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new ; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach, and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain ; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burthened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me ; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand slid from beneath my feet ; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest awhile, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength I should proceed on my design ;

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but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus, forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprised me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep: when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity, "Theodore, whither art thou going?" "I am climbing, answered I, to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature." "Attend first, said he, to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look round therefore without fear: observe, contemplate, and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach; when I had tired myself with gazing upon its height, I turned my eyes towards its foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused;

above were tracks inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again ; the Mountain of Existence is before thee, survey it and be wise.

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be a gentle rise, and overspread with flowers ; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren ; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which, though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern ; but, as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over-solicitous to confine them to any settled pace or certain track ; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so was she called, would smile at the mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle

gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave, by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger: and that those whom Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my pro-

tector directed my regard to a troop of pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smooth the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder: and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her cautions so necessary as her frequent inculcations seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits under the eye of Education went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions: nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how
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much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantick; and their strength was such, that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to

approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her,

“ Theodore, said my protector, be fearless, and
 “ be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion
 “ extends to all the remaining part of the Moun-
 “ tain of Existence.” I trembled, and ventured
 to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though
 piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain.
 “ Bright Power, said I, by whatever name it is
 “ lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who pre-
 “ sident here, on what condition thy protection will
 “ be granted?” “ It will be granted, said she,
 “ only to obedience. I am Reason, of all sub-
 “ ordinate beings the noblest and the greatest; who,
 “ if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee
 “ like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee
 “ to Religion.” Charmed by her voice and aspect,
 I professed my readiness to follow her. She then
 presented me to her mistress, who looked upon
 me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she
 smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction.

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They all agreed in rejoicing that they should no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who, having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. “ My power, “ said Reason, is to advise, not to compel; I have “ already told you the danger of your choice. The “ path seems now plain and even, but there are “ asperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only “ can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a mist before you settled upon the highest “ visible part of the mountain; a mist by which “ my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced “ only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the “ temples of Happiness, in which those who climb “ the precipice by her direction, after the toil of “ their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not “ the way, and therefore can only conduct you to “ a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached “ me with the narrowness of my view, but, when “ she

“ she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew
 “ me, below the mist, the bowers of Content ; even
 “ they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them ; and
 “ those whom she persuaded to travel towards them
 “ were chained by Habits, and ingulfed by De-
 “ spair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond
 “ the darkness on the right side and on the left,
 “ from whose prisons none can escape, and whom
 “ I cannot teach you to avoid.”

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices ; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion ; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course.

course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect,

to burst the chains of Habit: saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a Habit opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive: nor did any escape her but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant, but
neither

neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happiness, where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned: but, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which

she

she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some, who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Passions which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit; and that they, whose Habits were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which, they were seen only by the eye of Religion; and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

“ Now, Theodore, said my protector, withdraw
 “ thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see
 “ the fate of those who, when they were dismissed
 “ by Education, would admit no direction but
 “ that

“ that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be
 “ wise.”

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion; whom after many vain experiments she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition: she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces,
 situated

situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were inticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect Reason than to disobey her; and who retreated

treated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are riveted for ever; and Melancholy, having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.



THE
APOTHEOSIS OF MILTON,
A VISION.

THOUGH no lessons are more instructive than those we learn from the view of the awful monuments erected to the memory of the great, the good, the wise, and the witty ; yet the subject has been so much exhausted, that an author who can find any thing to say on that head, must have an imagination more fertile than mine : for this reason I shall not entertain you with any of the reflections that occurred to my mind last week, when curiosity led me to see the monuments lately erected in Westminster-abbey. I shall only acquaint you, that I was so deeply engaged in them, that night fell ere I was aware ; and when I awaked from my reverie, I found the gate of the abbey shut. I own, Sir, that notwithstanding the natural courage that I am master of, the solemn aspect of the fabrick, together with the melancholy gloom that darted through the windows, and tinged the snowy marble with a death-like paleness, gave me some emotions, which, perhaps, it would appear weakness in me to confess. I however resolved to pass the night in the most proper manner both for expelling these dismal ideas from my mind, and for preventing any injury to

my health from the inclemency of the season: so I resolved to walk about, and thereby to keep myself from being chilled, as I must have been, had I composed myself to sleep. I shall not be positive if I kept up to this resolution, or if a gentle slumber stole upon my senses, as I sat down to rest myself, after the fatigue of walking about for three hours. However that was, towards the middle of the night I saw (or seemed to see) a light at the farther end of the abbey, which moved from one place to another, but I could not distinctly perceive by whom it was directed. At last it approached me, and I discerned that it proceeded from a taper which was carried by an old man, who had something uncommon in his air and habit. He seemed to be in a green old age, his forehead was raised, his head bald, and his eyes sunk, but full of a severity tempered with sweetness; an azure robe reached down to his feet, and he was girded with a white sash. At last he came up to me, and with a stern air asked, why I presumed to intrude at so late an hour upon the sanctuaries of the dead? I could easily perceive that his voice, which filled me with a religious horror, was not human: however, recovering myself as well as I could, I told him my misfortune in a few words. “Mortal, said he, you
 “are safe. The reflections that occasioned your
 “being here recommend you to superior natures. I
 “am the genius of this place; and if you have
 “courage to support the presence of beings, once
 “clothed with humanity, but who now move in a
 “higher order, you may be favoured this night
 “with a sight more august than any mortal now
 “alive

“ alive can boast to have seen.” When he was silent I prostrated myself at his feet, and with some difficulty, so much were my senses overpowered, told him, that I entirely resigned myself to his guidance. He then extended his arm over my head, and I could perceive his robe dilate, his size shoot up, and myself conveyed, by a sweetly resistless motion, not unlike what the poet describes, when Venus carried off Ascanius to the Idalian groves :

— *Placidam per membra quietem*

Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos

Idaliæ lucos —

But I scarce had time for reflection, when I found myself in a spacious hall, wherein was a large table covered with a carpet, on which were wrought divers hieroglyphical figures, and round it were a great many seats, resembling the tripods, as we have them described in the remains of antiquity. Towards the middle there were some seats of a different form from the others ; and at the upper end one more elevated, but of the same figure with the tripods. My guide seeing me seized with admiration and dread, was so good as to relieve me by these words : “ This room, said he, is concealed
“ from every human eye ; not even the most be-
“ loved of heaven have been indulged with seeing
“ it, or knowing the awful purposes of the assem-
“ blies that are from time to time held here : it is
“ sacred to the spirits of the bards, whose remains
“ are buried, or whose monuments are erected with-
“ in this pile. To-night an assembly of the greatest
“ importance is held upon the admission of the

“ great Milton into this society.” Scarce had he spoke, when I perceived a door unfold, and a venerable figure enter, clothed in a deep violet-coloured robe, with a wand in his hand, and proceeding slowly to the chair at the upper end of the table, where he seated himself. “ That old man, “ said my conductor, whose face you see wears the “ furrows of age, is the father of English poesy : “ notwithstanding the solemn figure he makes here, “ if you were near enough to observe him aright, “ you might perceive an archness in his looks, and “ a certain vivacity, that is either not to be found, “ or is very aukward, in most of his poetical de- “ scendants.” Here my conductor was silent, and upon a narrow view of the old personage, I could easily perceive that it must be Chaucer. Several succeeded him, and seated themselves promiscuously : among the rest, I could discern an airy young man, dressed in a robe somewhat resembling the Roman habit, whereon were wrought several battles, in which the figures of the warriors made a very Gothick appearance : but these bloody scenes were intersected with combats of a softer nature. The subjects generally were, ladies complaining of broken vows ; and though the figures, perhaps, wanted some of the graceful attitudes which so much recommend the works of the Italian masters, yet they had all their bloom, their softness, and tenderness. I was entirely at a loss to know who this poet was ; but my aerial conductor soon put me out of doubt : “ That person, said he, in the remarkable dress, is Drayton.” The figure that next appeared, struck me with surprize, reverence, and

and dread: it was that of a man, who seemed about fifty; his eye was remarkably piercing, and his features most delicately formed; but a deep anguish seemed to prey upon his cheek, and melancholy to settle in his look: his robe was wrought with figures that looked as if they breathed, intermixed with landscapes, in which the trees seemed to wave, and the streams to murmur: the whole was composed of the most lively colours, but with an irregularity that pleased, and a confusion that gave delight. All the assembly expressed the greatest reverence as he walked up to take his seat, which he did at the right hand of the president. “That person, said my companion, is Spencer, whose name is his encomium.” The next who appeared was a fresh-coloured old man, whom at first I took for an English country gentleman, but upon considering his dress, I found it such as is described in pictures about one hundred and sixty years ago: it seemed to be of coarse cloth, but was extremely well fitted for his body, and gave him, notwithstanding his homeliness, a very agreeable look, which grew more so the longer I eyed him. I observed, that as he went up to his seat, he was attacked by every one he passed with some jest, but he always answered them in a manner that got him the laugh on his side. When he sat down, the president gave him a nod, which let me understand that the greatest familiarity subsisted betwixt them. After he was seated, I viewed his face more narrowly, and found, that though his features were very strong, yet they appeared regular, and his look not so churlish as I at first took it to be. I own, had

it not been for my companion, I should never have known him to be Ben Jonson. Upon perceiving his pockets stuffed with books, I asked my conductor what the meaning of that was. “ These
 “ books, answered he, are the works of Cicero,
 “ Horace, and Sallust; his genius being too mechanical to catch the fine sentiments of these
 “ authors, to render them natural to himself by a
 “ long familiarity with them, he always carries
 “ their works about him; and has the art, upon
 “ every occasion, to quote them so justly, and so
 “ much *à propos*, that they receive new beauties
 “ by his applications.” I had almost lost the observation of the next remarkable person, because after Ben Jonson a great crowd came in, who for the most part stood behind the seats; yet I could easily discern one, who was dressed with the greatest propriety and elegance imaginable: but what most distinguished him was, that as he went up to his seat Ben Jonson rose and gave him a most respectful bow, which he had not yet done to any of the company. “ That person who now takes his seat, said
 “ my conductor, is Beaumont.” Along with him several motley figures appeared, some in white fattin doublets with flashed sleeves, others in greasy buff, and not a few in cassocks and lawn sleeves. Most of them attempted to take seats, but they were reprimanded by a severe look from the president: however, I could see Ben take some of them by the hand, and place them in seats; but he always had such a look from the president, as shewed that he permitted them to enjoy that honour rather out of indulgence to his friend Ben, than from any
 merit

merit of the parties themselves. I observed too, that after they were seated, they were constantly employed in studying the motions of the muscles of Ben's face, and by them they framed their own, till they had caught all the sourness and rusticity of his air, without any of its sincerity and frankness. The next object that presented was the figure of a goodly man, in whose face was painted the greatest good-nature, modesty, and openness: his garments were of the richest stuff, and the most delicate texture, but flowed too loose about his body; and it might have been easily discerned, by comparing some places of them with others, that they were a little tarnished, and had lost some of their original lustre, by being too much exposed. However, by the richness of the embroidery, the variety of its ornaments, and the graceful air of the person who wore it, he appeared the principal figure in the room: he held a laurel-garland in his hand; and, after he was seated, instead of placing it upon his hoary locks, he put it upon the table. I was so charmed with his appearance, that I forgot to ask my kind guardian who he was; but he spared me the trouble: "That venerable personage, said he, who has just now taken his seat, is the immortal Dryden: if you were near enough to view him more narrowly, you might perceive in his eye a noble indignation, mixed with a deep concern, and on his brow a generous disdain of an ungrateful ——" Here my conductor was interrupted by an indignant murmur, which run through the whole company, who turned their eyes towards the door. Soon I perceived a bloated figure

figure enter, who seemed rather to be fit for a midnight revel, than to be a member of that august body. He used a thousand ridiculous gestures, sometimes he affected a polite, easy air, sometimes he appeared to aim at the French grimace; but all was forced, unnatural, and ungraceful; soon he relapsed into his Bacchanalian fits, and it appeared, that the nauseous part cost him nothing: he wore on his brow a branch of withered ivy, bound up in form of a garland, which seemed to be pulled down from the door of an ale-house: when he came up to take his seat, all the assembly looked at him with a contemptuous eye, especially when, with an air of triumph, he seated himself opposite to Dryden. “That person, so
 “unlike the other awful form, said my guide, is
 “Shadwell; he has a seat here by the indulgence
 “of a tasteless court, who bestowed on him the
 “laurel in prejudice of the great Dryden.” I had scarce time to testify my surprise, when a young man of a divine aspect appeared, and, to my great amazement, went up to Shadwell in a familiar manner. My amazement was changed to the utmost concern, when I saw him affect the same airs and motions with him: but there was a remarkable difference betwixt them, for that abandoned deportment seemed as unnatural in him, as the airs of wit and politeness appeared in the other. I observed the whole assembly behold this extraordinary young man with a paternal affection and pity. At last he seemed to recover himself, and turning towards the president, gave me an opportunity of taking a full view of his person and dress. His
 upper

upper garment resembled in its fashion that of Shadwell; but as it was loose, it discovered a vest as fine as that which was wrought by Helen for her inglorious lover; and his sword hung in a belt, which seemed to have the same virtue with the cestus ascribed to the goddess of beauty. Upon his legs he wore buskins, and this part of dress was peculiar to himself, and different from that of the rest of the company. “That divine young man, said my conductor, is the incomparable Otway; his genius entitled him to a place in the first rank of men, but the habits he contracted threw him into the lowest.” “Heavens, said I to myself, that a man who could command the passions of others should be so great a slave to his own!” “My son, said the genius, who seemed to know my thoughts by intuition, the gifts of nature are beneficial or fatal to man according to the different pursuits of life into which he is led by education, custom, or company; had these circumstances been favourable to the unhappy Otway, his fine endowments must have taken another turn, and have rendered his person as much the object of the esteem, love, and veneration of his contemporaries, as his writings are the subject of the envy, delight, and admiration of posterity. But unhappy mortals! the greater their dignity would be if they trod in the paths of virtue, the stronger is their propensity to evil when they fall into the tracts of vice.” My guardian had scarce finished his moral reflections, when I perceived a personage about forty years of age, of a delicate complexion and thoughtful aspect, who took his seat near Spencer; his fine

hair, which waved in ringlets about his shoulders, his flowing robe and modest air, put me in mind of one of Plato's disciples, as represented by the great Raphael in his school of Athens: and what still raised him in my idea, was, that the most distinguished of the company regarded him with a mixture of indulgence and wonder. Only Ben, with an arch stolen look to the president, pointed at him, and then touched his own forehead, as if he had said, The gentleman has it here. "The person you look
 "at, said my aerial guide, is Abraham Cowley, of
 "a different cast of genius from the character just
 "mentioned, and his reverse in private life. In
 "his natural temper he was indolent and contem-
 "plative, but neither his ease nor his studies hin-
 "dered him being useful both to his prince and his
 "friends, when they called for his services. But
 "observe that lady dressed in the loose robe de
 "chambre, with her neck and breasts bare; how
 "much fire in her eye! what a passionate expression
 "in her motions! and how much assurance in her
 "features! Observe what an indignant look she
 "bestows on the president, who is telling her, that
 "none of her sex has any right to a seat there. How
 "she throws her eyes about, to see if she can find
 "out any one of the assembly who inclines to take
 "her part. No! not one stirs; they who are in-
 "clined in her favour are over-awed, and the rest
 "shake their heads; and now she flings out of the
 "assembly. That extraordinary woman is Afra
 "Behn; but her character does not deserve so much
 "notice, as to divert you from remarking the mem-
 "ber who now walks up to his seat." When I
 turned

turned my eyes, I saw a genteel man advance, whose dress and air were rather more easy than elegant, and yet upon viewing him narrowly, I could observe nothing in the one that was slovenly, or in the other that was unbecoming: his robe was of a fine English cloth, raised with a French embroidery, and his manner spoke him to be as well acquainted with mankind, as he was with the muses. “ That
“ person, said my director, is Matthew Prior; he
“ owed much to nature, but more to fortune: the
“ gifts of the former must have languished, or at
“ best have qualified him for the favourite of some
“ assuming great man, had not fortune introduced
“ him to the company and acquaintance of those
“ who were too good judges of mankind not to
“ know that a good poet must be a man of good
“ sense; and that a man of good sense, together
“ with a fine genius for the arts, must form a more
“ useful as well as ornamental member of society,
“ than good sense with little or no genius at all.”

Here again prostrating myself before my divine conductor, “ Pardon, said I, an erring mortal who
“ presumes to differ from your sentiments. I always
“ thought that where the mind was smit with the
“ charms of the muse, she rendered it languid to all
“ other pursuits.” “ My son, replied he, various
“ are the operations of nature, and the same genius
“ may exert itself in different shapes. The same art
“ by which a poet touches the passions, or mends
“ the morals of mankind, when applied to the com-
“ merce of life, gives him a winning turn in con-
“ versation, and just discernment in business. But
“ all this time, I suppose, what is not unreasonable,
“ that

“ that a poet has equal application and honesty with
 “ other men. The difference is, that in a learned
 “ ease the effusions of the mind are more full and
 “ strong, and in the bustle of life they are more
 “ dissipated and languid; but both are equally co-
 “ pious, and proceed from the same source. Ha!
 “ continued he, with a pleasing kind of a surprize,
 “ I am glad of this: the person in that military
 “ habit, large boots, and long sword, who is so
 “ familiar with Dryden, is one for whom I have a
 “ particular regard; his name is Sir William Da-
 “ venant; he has a right to a seat here, but upon
 “ some disgust at his not meeting with the respect he
 “ thinks he deserves, has not appeared in the as-
 “ sembly of a long time. I guess what brings him
 “ this night. You must know, that he was once
 “ discovered by Cromwell to be in a plot for re-
 “ storing the king, but Milton obtained his pardon.
 “ Upon the Restoration, Sir William performed
 “ the same piece of service to Milton. Thus far
 “ they were on a level; but it seems my friend is
 “ resolved to conquer in gratitude. See with what
 “ earnestness he solicits, because he knows a strong
 “ opposition will be made, by some, to Milton’s
 “ admission, on account of his principles. I am
 “ glad Sir William has not deceived me in the good
 “ opinion I always had of him.” The next who
 took his seat was a jolly person, who at first sight
 seemed to have a heavy look, but upon a nearer
 view, I observed a great deal of spirit in his eye,
 together with as much good nature as I think I have
 ever beheld. Several of his company were begin-
 ning to be merry upon his dress, which was comical
 enough;

enough; but he soon silenced them by being harder
 upon it than any of them. I turned to my guide,
 who I saw was still employed in surveying Sir Wil-
 liam, and asked who the last member was. He
 answered that it was Samuel Butler; "happy, con-
 "tinued he, in his muse, but still happier in his
 "natural temper, which bore him up amidst a va-
 "riety of disappointments and pressures. His con-
 "versation with the other members of this assembly
 "has a good deal brightened up that fund of genius
 "he possessed when he was alive; but the facetious
 "humour which he displayed in writing, was so
 "much hid in his conversation, that king Charles,
 "who had a curiosity to see the author of Hudibras,
 "could never be brought to believe that he wrote
 "that incomparable poem. I have heard that one
 "of the greatest wits that ever was in our neigh-
 "bouring kingdom, I mean the famous Corneille,
 "had the same misfortune of making but a poor
 "figure in conversation. But observe the gentle-
 "man in that gaudy flight French dress, how he is
 "tinfelled and powdered over, how he bows and
 "scrapes to every one of the members; how quaint
 "his compliments, and how finical his address!
 "and yet the man is very well with most of the
 "members; but I own I cannot endure him. His
 "name is Mons. St. Evremond." When I had sig-
 nified that I had heard of him, I saw him walk up to
 a chair that was set apart for himself, where he could
 see and hear every thing that was done in the as-
 sembly; but I perceived he was no member him-
 self. The next who came in was a young man of a
 very academical air, who seemed to be mighty good-
 humoured;

humoured; he held an empty purse in his hand, with which he appeared highly diverted; his waistcoat was of a garden stuff, and suited him extremely well, but his upper vestment, which resembled an officer's regimental coat, made a ridiculous enough appearance, and what added to it was, that he wore his sword by his right side. I observed Prior come gently up and whisper somewhat in his ear, which I suppose was to desire him to rectify that solecism in dress. "That young man, said my guide, is Mr. John Philips, happy in his jocular vein, and in his imitation of Milton's style." The next who came up had a noble aspect, and an elegant dress. When he passed up towards Ben, I observed that this last, putting on a serious air, rose to him, and bowed respectfully. "That member, said my conductor, is Sheffield duke of Buckingham, who thought that the poetick laurel graced the ducal coronet. Though his high birth and great posts entitle him to no pre-eminence here, yet his merits and accomplishments give him a right to the regard and esteem of all the assembly." No member coming in for some minutes, I had leisure to remark a very odd figure, who seemed to be somewhat betwixt a door-keeper and a beadle; his age was about sixty, he was dressed in a suit of Irish frize, laid over with tawdry French lace, which served to heighten the hideousness of his figure; his forehead was large and bald, his eyes sunk, but full of malignant fire; his cheeks hollow, his nose sharp and turned up, and his chin prominent; he wore a large bushy peruke, that seemed to be cast off by some French player, and his temples were encircled by

by a garland, which, upon examining, I found to be composed of nettles. “ The figure you regard
“ so attentively, said my guide, is John Dennis;
“ since he came into the world of spirits, he made
“ frequent applications to be admitted as one of
“ this society. The members could not absolutely
“ refuse him, and yet they knew too much of the
“ man to admit him; so they fairly compromised
“ the matter with him, by making him their sum-
“ moner, which gives him a right to be present in
“ the assembly, though not as a member, as a ser-
“ vant. He is sometimes employed as a beadle,
“ which gives him great pleasure, and in that ca-
“ pacity is extremely serviceable, for no society in
“ the world is more pestered with interlopers and
“ vagrants than this is. He has an assistant, whom
“ you will see here in a little while, one Luke Mill-
“ burn, a very extraordinary fellow likewise. Each
“ of them has been frequently chastised by orders
“ of the assembly, for being rude to the members
“ at the door.” Scarce had the genius finished
these words, when I beheld the gate by which the
president entered, unfold, and through it I disco-
vered a long range of magnificent apartments, nobly
illuminated: upon this, my conductor told me that
he must now leave me; that I should soon see the
reason, but he would return in an instant; that I
might in the mean time be very easy, because I was
imperceptible to every eye. Having spoke thus, he
vanished, and I could perceive the president and all
the other members turn their eyes with a respectful
awe towards the illuminated apartments, through
which I saw a venerable form advancing, attended

by my kind guardian ; *it was that of a man, who had reached his great climacterick ; his air was noble and composed, yet there was a charming vivacity in his looks, and the majesty of his appearance was tempered with an unexpressible benignity. He was dressed plain in a purple suit, and he took his seat in a chair of the same form with the president's, but removed from the table where the rest sat. He was scarcely seated when I found my conductor again by my side, who prevented my impatience to know who this extraordinary personage was, by saying, " That is Francis Atterbury, late bishop of Ro-
 " chester. He appears here, continued he, in a
 " lay habit, and the particular honours that are paid
 " him both by the assembly and myself, are due
 " not only to his extraordinary parts, but to the
 " generous cares he bestowed on embellishing this
 " fabrick. He has always declined to take his
 " seat at the table, because he was no professed
 " poet, but the little he has done that way, shews
 " how easily he might have shined in that province ;
 " in this dome, where politicks and faction are
 " buried, he enjoys the ease he always desired." No member for some time appearing, I had leisure to observe that venerable person rise and go to a table in a corner of the room where the company was assembled, on which lay two large folio volumes : these he turned over with great attention. And I asked my kind conductor what these volumes might contain ? " They contain, answered he, the
 " prose works of Mr. Milton, which now appear in
 " a dress suitable to the character of that great man.
 " It is hard, continued he, to say whether he shines
 " most

“ most as a poet, a politician, or a divine ; or whe-
“ ther mankind is most obliged to him for the in-
“ struction he has conveyed to the head, or the vir-
“ tues he has instilled into the heart. One thing,
“ however, must be acknowledged, that no book
“ gives a man a clearer idea either of the civil or
“ religious rights of mankind in general, or the
“ constitution of England in particular, than Mr.
“ Milton’s prose writings. When he errs, his errors
“ are always occasioned by his too great jealousy of
“ what may affect the liberties of mankind ; but
“ even then, the spirit he breathes is worthy the
“ glorious patterns of antiquity, upon which he
“ formed his political system ; and his faults would
“ have been accounted virtues, and rendered his
“ name venerable to his country, had he lived un-
“ der a republick. But what enhances the value of
“ his prose writings, and must recommend them to
“ every lover of liberty, is, that they have been one
“ of the principal objects of religious zeal and bi-
“ gotry, which defaced and mangled them so much,
“ that hitherto the world could have no just idea of
“ what, perhaps, forms the most valuable part of
“ that excellent author’s character and writings.
“ They are brought here this night by some who
“ will oppose his admission.” As he was going on,
I observed a vigorous young man step up to take
his seat ; he had a noble freedom in his look, his
dress resembled that of the Romans, in the decay of
their virtue and liberty ; and the stuff of which it
was composed was wrought in the most vivid co-
lours. Had he not taken his seat betwixt Otway and
Dryden, he might have made an appearance inferior

to none in the assembly, but when he was seated near these incomparable poets, his air seemed to have more of fierceness than of majesty; and though his habit appeared better fitted to his shape than either of theirs, yet when compared with Otway's, it lost much of the splendour that at first so much struck the eye. "The person who now engages your attention, says the genius, is Mr. Rowe; who, though excelled in genius by a few, is equalled in judgment by no dramatick author, who has wrote for the English stage; at least, in tragedy. But death deprived him of the encomiums he so justly merited by his translation of the *Pharsalia*. His success in that work was owing to what alone can recommend every attempt of that kind; I mean a sympathy of genius, and a similarity of manners with those which the authors of the original enjoyed while alive." I here began to think that my conductor was growing a little too discursive, and was ruminating on what might be the reason, when I saw John Dennis running up to the place where the member sat, in a great fright: he was pursued by a figure dressed after a very extraordinary fashion, not with regard to the form and materials of his habit, which were as proper and rich as what most of the company wore; but they were miserably torn in many places, and seemed made for a man three times his size: his air appeared frantick, but at the same time he had an enthusiasm in his eye that struck me rather with awe than with horror: he brandished in his hand a whip, made in form of the ancient *Flagella*; with which he gave Mr. Dennis very severe discipline.

pline. In the mean time, I observed Mr. Dryden arise in some haste, and step up to this stranger, whose rage immediately subsided, and he went to his seat, without any opposition; though most of the members shewed a visible uneasiness in their countenances. I had no need of an interpreter to let me know that this must be Nathaniel Lee, whose imagination got the superiority of his reason so far as to deprive him of his senses. The next member who advanced made a very different figure; the fashion of his habit was entirely English, but he wore it in so graceful a manner, that it served rather to shew the excellency of his shape, and the fine proportion of his limbs, than to conceal them. His air had in it a decent assurance, but without any thing assuming; and his looks discovered a surprising sprightliness, but without the least levity: the company seemed to shew him great regard, and appeared rather more satisfied with him than he with them: after he had taken his seat, I knew him to be Mr. Congreve. And my conductor took this opportunity of informing me, that “if we consider
“him as a dramatick writer, he had no equal in
“his age. He saw, continued he, so thoroughly
“into the recesses of the soul, and could so easily
“distinguish nature through all the disguises she
“assumed, that his works contain the most import-
“ant lessons for the conduct of human life.” Here I again begged pardon for interrupting my divine conductor; “I had always, said I, a great opinion
“of Mr. Congreve’s wit, but his writings gave me
“no advantageous idea of his morals.” “My son,
“answered he, from your wanting a just discern-

“ment of mankind, you accuse Mr. Congreve of
 “what he stands acquitted of by every man who knew
 “him: he was too good a judge of nature not to be
 “sensible, that to attempt to reform the heart before
 “the head, is like healing the flesh while the point
 “of the weapon remains within the wound. He
 “well knew, that the generality of men would soon
 “hate their vices, if they could be brought to blush
 “at their follies; and that a bad heart commonly
 “proceeds from a wrong head: for this reason, his
 “writings shew the ridiculousness of folly, rather
 “than the deformity of vice; and expose affecta-
 “tion, rather than recommend virtue. He well
 “knew, that the radical evil must be removed, be-
 “fore the patient could be cured. But here comes
 “one, to whose morals, I dare say, you will have
 “no objection.” Looking towards the door, I saw
 a middle-aged person approach; he had in his look
 all the serenity that attends a good conscience; his
 deportment expressed him to be one who entirely
 understood the world, and by his dress he seemed
 to be upon an equal footing with the most conspi-
 cuous in the assembly. It is true, that he did not
 possess all his accomplishments in the same degree
 with every one of the other members, but then not
 one amongst them seemed to unite so many good
 qualities as he did, in his own person: his cha-
 racter, therefore, had some resemblance to that of
 Raphael, whom, though other painters excelled him
 in particular branches of his profession, yet none
 ever equalled him in all; if he fell short of one in
 sweetness, he excelled him in strength; and if he
 was excelled in strength, the defect was supplied by
 a masterly

a masterly correctness, and an uncommon beauty : if another's figures were more correct, his were more graceful ; and if another could boast a better disguise, he was sure to excel in the expression. Such was the character of the last member, whom my conductor told me was Mr. Addison ; but, to my great surprize, I found my aërial guide not at all lavish of his encomiums on this great man, for whom I had been taught, and had always entertained a kind of a veneration ; this coldness in his favour made me uneasy, and the more, as it proceeded from a Divine Intelligence. A little after I observed a man of a sweet engaging deportment ; his eye was piercing, and a smile sat upon his brow, which discovered what I had almost called a severe good-nature. It was, however, a good-nature, whose expression seemed rather to pity than to upbraid ; and, at the same time, even the pity conveyed a reproach. His habits were of the richest stuff, but those about him which were most concealed were most rich, and my conductor told me, that I could not have a just notion of their beauty unless I was nearer his person. He then informed me, that I saw Mr. Gay ; “ a man, added he, “ whose virtues recommended his qualities, and “ who is an instance, that the best ingredient that “ can enter into the character of a good writer, “ is that of being an honest man.” While I was intent in observing this amiable person's age, I discerned a man advanced in years, with a manly look, distinguished more by his modest behaviour than by his dress, leaning over the back of Dryden's seat, but standing without the

rail which inclosed the assembly. As there was
 somewhat striking in his aspect, I examined his
 features more narrowly, and found them variously
 affected according as he threw his eyes upon the
 different members, so that he seemed severally to
 assume their most distinguishing characters. Dryden
 at this time accidentally rose from his seat, and
 turning round discovered this extraordinary person.
 He then took him by the hand with great affection,
 and though the other seemed much to decline it,
 led him about to the bar of the rails, where the
 other members entered. I observed Dennis, who
 had now reassumed his post, interposing to hinder
 his entry, but being checked by a frown from
 Dryden, he desisted, with a furious reluctance.
 Dryden then led the new member up to a seat not
 far from Otway, where he was placed to the great
 satisfaction of the rest of the members. I was not
 able to know who this was, till my conductor as-
 sured me it was Betterton, the famous player, who
 by the beauty and justness of his action, made the
 thoughts of some of our finest poets to be felt by
 those who could only read and see, and who, per-
 haps, never knew any other sentiment of virtue than
 what they received from the stage. "Observe,"
 "continued he, how many others of the same pro-
 "fession crowd behind the members seats; what
 "distortions, what grimaces they assume; how un-
 "like to Betterton, and how much disregarded by
 "the assembly." While I was attentive to the
 genius, I perceived a member who had entered un-
 observed by me, being in close conversation with
 Butler: he had a most engaging smile, and a win-
 ning

ning deportment, and his dress was composed of a very rich French brocade, made up in the English fashion, of an uncommon pattern, on which the medicinal and poetick ensigns of Phœbus were enigmatically represented. While he talked to Butler he was shaking hands with Dryden; he nodded to Addison, but blushed when he saw Prior observing him, and seemed industrious to avoid meeting the eyes of the bishop of Rochester. The genius then informed me, that the person I saw was Sir Samuel Garth, more eminent for the productions of his genius, than his dignity of knighthood. The next member had very little either in his aspect or dress, that distinguished him from the rank of mortals, and seemed to be at a loss where to take his seat. He held in his hand a large bundle of papers, which seemed to be dispatches from a court, which he endeavoured to conceal under his coat; but it proved too scanty for that purpose, till Mr. Addison stepped up to him, and, unperceived by most of the assembly, slipped some of them into his pocket. I perceived, however, that Prior observed him, and, with a malicious sneer, whispered into Gay's ear. "The member you now regard, said
"my conductor, is Mr. Stepney, who was, indeed,
"a statesman, but I don't know any right he has
"to a seat here, besides that of his having a monu-
"ment erected within the abbey."

The few seats that now remained, were filled by members who seemed to be remarkable for nothing so much as the regard which those I have already mentioned expressed for their persons. When they were all seated, a profound silence ensued, which
was

was broken by the president, who declared the occasion of their meeting, and enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the fine qualifications, the learning, and the genius of Milton. He observed that “ the
 “ works of that great man had equalled the reputation of England for poetry, to the acme of that
 “ of Greece and Italy in the most flourishing periods of their glory; that even in the highest species of
 “ that divine art, he excelled their most admired writers, as much as the difficulty of doing justice
 “ to the nature of angels, is greater than that of celebrating the courage, the wisdom, or the piety
 “ of mortals. He then gently touched upon the ingratitude of his country, which had suffered the
 “ memory of a man to whom Greece in her most enlightened state would have decreed publick
 “ honours, to pass so long without a monument; that had it not been for the generous concern of
 “ one person now among the living, Milton might perhaps never have had any other monument than
 “ that of his own immortal writings. These were, indeed, sufficient to recommend his merit, but
 “ insufficient to vindicate the gratitude of his country; till of late the person he had already mentioned, had in some measure wiped away that
 “ imputation by one act of private munificence, which, for the honour of Britain, he could wish had been
 “ the effect of publick spirit. He then observed that Milton had now a right to a seat in that
 “ assembly, and that however illustrious it already was, they could not but be sensible, that it must
 “ receive an additional degree of dignity by the admission of so eminent a member, and that
 “ therefore

“therefore he hoped it would meet with no obstacle.”

When the president had finished his speech, Mr. Cowley stood up. At first his air was modest, if not bashful; but as he proceeded he gathered assurance, till at last he rose into a great dignity both of action and language. He said that “he was extremely sensible of the truths which the venerable president had advanced in favour of Milton, and that if he were to be regarded only as a poet, no member should be more ready to give his voice for the admission of that great man than himself; but that he humbly conceived the moral, as well as the intellectual qualifications, were necessary in a member of that assembly. That loyalty and duty to one’s prince may be justly ranked amongst the most eminent of all virtues, since, without that, a man must be destitute of the most glorious passion that the human breast can be capable of receiving, the love of one’s country. That this passion was the source of the noble performances which entitled the two great poets of Greece and Rome to the publick regard of their country, and that where this passion is wanting, the end of poetry is lost, which is to cultivate the social virtues, and to promote happiness and harmony amongst men. If we examine the conduct of Milton’s life, continues he, we shall find him as a subject undertaking and promoting the most black designs against the dignity, the character, and the life of the best of sovereigns: if we examine the tendency of his writings, we shall find him varnishing and defending the most inhuman
“action

“ action that ever disgraced the British annals ; and
 “ I own, added he, I could not, without horror,
 “ endure to see such a man fill a place in this august
 “ assembly.”

This speech was received with a murmur, which
 shewed that the assembly was variously affected with
 what had been delivered.

* * * * *

[*Cætera defunt.*]



P R A Y E R S

A N D

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

18 Jan. 1777.

Almighty God, who mercifully
with mercy, look upon my wares, my sins
and my sins; grant that I may stand in
thy mercy both in this world and in
the world to come, by the help of thy Holy Spirit,
Amen.

18 Jan. 1777.

Almighty God, heavenly Father, by whose
mercy I have begun another year, grant I
may be able to spend in thy love and to thy
glory, Give me such ease of body as may enable me to be
useful, and remove from me all such temptations and
perplexities as encumber and obstruct my mind;
and help me to pass, by the direction of thy Holy
Spirit, through the remaining part of life, that I may
be finally received to everlasting joy, through Jesus
Christ our Lord. Amen.

18 Aug.

P R A Y E R S
A N D
DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

1st Jan. 17 $\frac{5}{11}$.

O ETERNAL GOD, who regardest all thy works with mercy, look upon my wants, my miseries, and my sins; grant that I may amend my life, and may find mercy both in this world and in the world to come, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

1st Jan. 1784. P. M. 11.

O LORD GOD, heavenly Father, by whose mercy I am now beginning another year, grant, I beseech thee, that the time which thou shalt yet allot me, may be spent in thy fear and to thy glory. Give me such ease of body as may enable me to be useful, and remove from me all such scruples and perplexities as encumber and obstruct my mind; and help me so to pass, by the direction of thy Holy Spirit, through the remaining part of life, that I may be finally received to everlasting joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

1st Aug.

1st Aug. 1784. Ashbourn.

O GOD, most merciful Father, who by many diseases hast admonished me of my approach to the end of life, and by this gracious addition to my days hast given me an opportunity of appearing once more in thy presence to commemorate the sacrifice by which thy Son Jesus Christ has taken away the sins of the world; assist me in this commemoration by thy Holy Spirit, that I may look back upon the sinfulness of my life past with pious sorrow and efficacious repentance, that my resolutions of amendment may be rightly formed and diligently exerted, that I may be freed from vain and useless scruples, and that I may serve thee with faith, hope, and charity, for the time which thou shalt yet allow me, and finally be received to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5th Sept. 1784. Ashbourn.

ALMIGHTY Lord and merciful Father, to Thee be thanks and praise for all thy mercies, for the awakening of my mind, the continuance of my life, the amendment of my health, and the opportunity now granted of commemorating the death of thy Son Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. Enable me, O Lord, to repent truly of my sins. Enable me by thy Holy Spirit to lead hereafter a better life. Strengthen my mind against useless perplexities. Teach me to form good resolutions; and

and assist me that I may bring them to effect. And when thou shalt finally call me to another state, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

18th Sept. 1784. Ashbourn.

ALMIGHTY God, merciful Father, who art the giver of all good, enable me to return thee due thanks for the continuance of my life, and for the great mercies of the last year, for relief from the diseases that afflicted me, and all the comforts and alleviations by which they were mitigated: and, O my gracious God, make me truly thankful for the call by which thou hast awakened my conscience, and summoned me to repentance. Let not thy call, O Lord, be forgotten, or thy summons neglected; but let the residue of my life, whatever it shall be, be passed in due contrition and diligent obedience. Let me repent of the sins of my past years, and so keep thy laws for the time to come, that when it shall be thy good pleasure to call me to another state, I may find mercy in thy sight. Let thy Holy Spirit support me in the hour of death; and, O Lord, grant me pardon in the day of judgment, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5th Dec. 1784.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant,

VOL. XI.

O

O Lord,

O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and in thy mercy. Forgive and accept my late conversion; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by the grace of thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me at my death to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.



O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and in thy mercy. Forgive and accept my late conversion; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the enlargement of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me by the grace of thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me at my death to everlasting happiness, for the sake

APOPTHEGMS, SENTIMENTS,

O P I N I O N S,

A N D

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

APPROPRIATE SENTIMENTS

OPINIONS

DR. Johnson said he always mistook a man's
tick virtue, as thinking it founded on his
fixed principle.

Also he said that where there is a mystery

begin, vice or rogery was not far off, and that

he leads a general in his mind, who finds in fear

of no man's observation.

When a friend of his who had not been very

lucky in his former attempts, he said,

Alas! another instance of the triumph of hope over

experience.

Of Sheridan's writings on Education, he said,

they were a continual renovation of hope, and an

unvaried succession of recommendations.

Of music, he said, it is the only sensual plea-

sure without vice.

He used to say that no man reads long together

with a book on his table. — Books, said he, that you

may carry to the fire, and hold ready in your hand,

are the most useful after all. — He would say, such

books form the mind of general and easy reading.

APOPTHEGMS, SENTIMENTS,
OPINIONS, &c.

DR. JOHNSON said he always mistrusted romantic virtue, as thinking it founded on no fixed principle.

He used to say, that where secrecy or mystery began, vice or roguery was not far off; and that he leads in general an ill life, who stands in fear of no man's observation.

When a friend of his who had not been very lucky in his first wife, married a second, he said—Alas! another instance of the triumph of hope over experience.

Of Sheridan's writings on Elocution, he said, they were a continual renovation of hope, and an unvaried succession of disappointments.

Of musick, he said,—It is the only sensual pleasure without vice.

He used to say, that no man read long together with a folio on his table:—Books, said he, that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all.—He would say, such books form the man of general and easy reading.

He was a great friend to books like the French *Esprits d'un tel*; for example, *Beauties of Watts*, &c. &c. at which, said he, a man will often look and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger size, and of a more erudite appearance.

Being once asked if he ever embellished a story—No, said he; a story is to lead either to the knowledge of a fact or character, and is good for nothing if it be not strictly and literally true.

Round numbers, said he, are always false.

Watts's Improvement of the Mind was a very favourite book with him; he used to recommend it, as he also did *Le Dictionnaire portatif* of the Abbé L'Avocat.

He has been accused of treating lord Lyttelton roughly in his life of him; he assured a friend, however, that he kept back a very ridiculous anecdote of him, relative to a question he put to a great divine of his time.

Johnson's account of lord Lyttelton's envy to Shenstone for his improvements in his grounds, &c. was confirmed by an ingenious writer. Spence was in the house for a fortnight with the Lytteltons, before they offered to shew him Shenstone's place.

When accused of mentioning ridiculous anecdotes in the lives of the poets, he said, he should not have been an exact biographer if he had omitted them. The business of such a one, said he, is to give a complete account of the person whose life he is writing, and to discriminate him from all other persons

persons by any peculiarities of character or sentiment he may happen to have.

He spoke Latin with great fluency and elegance. He said, indeed, he had taken great pains about it.

A very famous schoolmaster said, he had rather take Johnson's opinion about any Latin composition, than that of any other person in England.

Dr. Sumner, of Harrow, used to tell this story of Johnson: they were dining one day, with many other persons, at Mrs. Macaulay's; she had talked a long time at dinner about the natural equality of mankind; Johnson, when she had finished her harangue, rose up from the table, and with great solemnity of countenance, and a bow to the ground, said to the servant, who was waiting behind his chair, Mr. John, pray be seated in my place, and permit me to wait upon you in my turn; your mistress says, you hear, that we are all equal.

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said he was glad of it; he is rising in the world, said he; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him.

He was much pleased with the following repartee: *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, said a French physician to his colleague, in speaking of the disorder of a poor man that understood Latin, and who was brought into an hospital; *corpus non tam vile est*, says the patient, *pro quo Christus ipse non dedignatus est mori*.

Johnson used to say, a man was a scoundrel that was afraid of any thing.

After having refused swimming for many years, he went into the river at Oxford, and swam away to a part of it that he had been told of as a dangerous place, and where some one had been drowned.

He waited on lord Marchmont, to make some enquiries after particulars of Mr. Pope's life; his first question was,—What kind of a man was Mr. Pope in his conversation? his lordship answered, that if the conversation did not take something of a lively or epigrammatick turn, he fell asleep, or perhaps pretended to do so.

Talking one day of the patronage the great sometimes affect to give to literature, and literary men,—Andrew Millar, says he, is the Mecænas of the age.

Of the state of learning amongst the Scots, he said,—It is with their learning as with provisions in a besieged town, every one has a mouthful, and no one a bellyfull.

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds he requested three things; that he would not work on a Sunday; that he would read a portion of Scripture on that day; and that he would forgive him a debt which he had incurred for some benevolent purpose.

When he first felt the stroke of the palsy, he prayed to God that he would spare his mind, whatever he thought fit to do with his body.

To some lady who was praising Shenstone's poems very much, and who had an Italian greyhound lying by the fire, he said, Shenstone holds amongst poets the same rank your dog holds amongst dogs;
he

he has not the sagacity of the hound, the docility of the spaniel, nor the courage of the bull-dog, yet he is still a pretty fellow.

Johnson said he was better pleased with the commendations bestowed on his account of the Hebrides than on any book he had ever written. Burke, says he, thought well of the philosophy of it; Sir William Jones of the observations on language; and Mr. Jackson of those on trade.

Of Foote's wit and readiness of repartee he thought very highly;—He was, says he, the readiest dog at an escape I ever knew; if you thought you had him on the ground fairly down, he was upon his legs and over your shoulders again in an instant.

When some one asked him, whether they should introduce Hugh Kelly, the author, to him;—No, Sir, says he, I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read:—yet when his play was acted for the benefit of his widow, Johnson furnished a prologue.

He repeated poetry with wonderful energy and feeling. He was seen to weep whilst he repeated Goldsmith's character of the English in his Traveller, beginning thus:

Stern o'er each bosom, &c.

He was supposed to have assisted Goldsmith very much in that poem, but has been heard to say, he might have contributed three or four lines, taking together all he had done.

He

He held all authors very cheap, that were not satisfied with the opinion of the publick about them. He used to say, that every man who writes, thinks he can amuse or inform mankind, and they must be the best judges of his pretensions.

Of Warburton he always spoke well. He gave me, says he, his good word when it was of use to me. Warburton, in the Preface to his Shakespeare, has commended Johnson's Observations on Macbeth.

Two days before he died, he said, with some pleasantry,—Poor Johnson is dying; **** will say, he dies of taking a few grains more of squills than were ordered him; ***** will say, he dies of the scarifications made by the surgeon in his leg.—His last act of understanding is said to have been exerted in giving his blessing to a young lady that requested it of him.

He was always ready to assist any authors in correcting their works, and selling them to booksellers.—I have done writing, said he, myself, and should assist those that do write.

Johnson always advised his friends, when they were about to marry, to unite themselves to a woman of a pious and religious frame of mind.—Fear of the world, and a sense of honour, said he, may have an effect upon a man's conduct and behaviour; a woman without religion is without the only motive that in general can incite her to do well.

When some one asked him for what he should marry, he replied, first, for virtue; secondly, for wit; thirdly, for beauty; and fourthly, for money.

He

He thought worse of the vices of retirement than of those of society.

He attended Mr. Thrale in his last moments, and stayed in the room praying, as is imagined, till he had drawn his last breath.—His servants, said he, would have waited upon him in this awful period, and why not his friend?

He was extremely fond of reading the lives of great and learned persons. Two or three years before he died, he applied to a friend of his to give him a list of those in the French language that were well written and genuine. He said, that Bolingbroke had declared he could not read Middleton's life of Cicero.

He was a great enemy to the present fashionable way of supposing worthless and infamous persons mad.

He was not apt to judge ill of persons without good reasons; an old friend of his used to say, that in general he thought too well of mankind.

One day, on seeing an old terrier lie asleep by the fire-side at Streatham, he said, Presto, you are, if possible, a more lazy dog than I am.

Being told that Churchill had abused him under the character of Pomposo, in his Ghost,—I always thought, said he, he was a shallow fellow, and I think so still.

The duke of *** once said to Johnson, that every religion had a certain degree of morality in it;—Aye, my lord, answered he, but the Christian religion alone puts it on its proper basis.

When some one asked him how he felt at the indifferent reception of his tragedy at Drury-lane;—Like the Monument, said he, and as unshaken as that fabrick.

Being asked by Dr. Lawrence what he thought the best system of education, he replied,—School in school-hours, and home-instruction in the intervals.

I would never, said he, desire a young man to neglect his business for the purpose of pursuing his studies, because it is unreasonable; I would only desire him to read at those hours when he would otherwise be unemployed. I will not promise that he will be a Bentley; but if he be a lad of any parts, he will certainly make a sensible man.

The picture of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was painted for Mr. Beauclerk, and is now Mr. Langton's, and scraped in mezzotinto by Doughty, is extremely like him; there is in it that appearance of a labouring working mind, of an indolent reposing body, which he had to a very great degree. Beauclerk wrote under his picture,

———*ingenium ingens*

Inculto habet hoc sub corpore.——

Indeed, the common operations of dressing, shaving, &c. were a toil to him; he held the care of the body very cheap. He used to say, that a man who rode out for an appetite consulted but little the dignity of human nature.

The life of Charles XII. by Voltaire, he said, was one of the finest pieces of history ever written.

He

He was much pleased with an Italian *improvisatore*, whom he saw at Streatham, and with whom he talked much in Latin. He told him, if he had not been a witness to his faculty himself, he should not have thought it possible. He said, Isaac Hawkins Browne had endeavoured at it in English, but could not get beyond thirty verses.

When a Scotsman was one day talking to him of the great writers of that country that were then existing, he said,—We have taught that nation to write, and do they pretend to be our teachers? let me hear no more of the tinsel of Robertson, and the foppery of Dalrymple. He said, Hume had taken his style from Voltaire. He would never hear Hume mentioned with any temper:—A man, said he, who endeavoured to persuade his friend who had the stone to shoot himself!

Upon hearing a lady of his acquaintance commended for her learning, he said,—A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek. My old friend, Mrs. Carter, said he, could make a pudding, as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem. He thought she was too reserved in conversation upon subjects she was so eminently able to converse upon, which was occasioned by her modesty and fear of giving offence.

Being asked whether he had read Mrs. Macaulay's second volume of the History of England;—No, Sir, says he, nor her first neither.—He would

would not be introduced to the Abbé Raynal, when he was in England.

He was one night behind the scenes at Drury-lane theatre, when Mr. Garrick was preparing to go upon the stage in the character of Macbeth, and making a great noise by talking, Mr. Garrick desired him to desist, as he would interrupt his feelings;—Punch, says Johnson, has no feelings; had you told me to have held my tongue, I should have known what you meant.

He said, that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe he had been there; but that he had afterwards altered his opinion.

He was much pleased with Dr. Jortin's Sermons, the language of which he thought very elegant; but thought his life of Erasmus a dull book.

He was very well acquainted with Psalmanaazar, the pretended Formosan, and said, he had never seen the close of the life of any one that he wished so much his own to resemble, as that of him, for its purity and devotion. He told many anecdotes of him; and said, he was supposed by his accent to have been a Gascon. He said, that Psalmanaazar spoke English with the city accent, and coarsely enough. He for some years spent his evenings at a publick house near Old-Street, where many persons went to talk with him; Johnson was asked whether he ever contradicted Psalmanaazar;—I should as soon, said he, have thought of contradicting a bishop;—so high did he hold his character in the latter part of his life. When he was asked whether
he

he had ever mentioned Formosa before him, he said, he was afraid to mention even China.

He thought Cato the best model of tragedy we had; yet he used to say, of all things, the most ridiculous would be, to see a girl cry at the representation of it.

He thought the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits for his amusement; and that in general no one could be virtuous or happy, that was not completely employed.

Johnson had read much in the works of bishop Taylor; in his Dutch Thomas à Kempis he has quoted him occasionally in the margin.

He is said to have very frequently made sermons for clergymen at a guinea a-piece; that delivered by Dr. Dodd, in the chapel of Newgate, was written by him, as was also his Defence, spoken at the bar of the Old Bailey.

Of a certain lady's entertainments, he said,—What signifies going thither? there is neither meat, drink, nor talk.

He advised Mrs. Siddons to play the part of Queen Catherine in Henry VIII. and said of her, that she appeared to him to be one of the few persons that the two great corrupters of mankind, money and reputation, had not spoiled.

He had a great opinion of the knowledge procured by conversation with intelligent and ingenious persons. His first question concerning such as had that character, was ever, What is his conversation?

Johnson

Johnson said of the Chattertonian controversy,—It is a sword that cuts both ways. It is as wonderful to suppose that a boy of sixteen years old had stored his mind with such a train of images and ideas as he had acquired, as to suppose the poems, with their ease of versification and elegance of language, to have been written by Rowley in the time of Edward the fourth.

Talking with some persons about allegorical painting, he said, I had rather see the portrait of a dog that I know, than all the allegorical paintings they can shew me in the world.

When a Scotsman was talking against Warburton, Johnson said he had more literature than had been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan. Upon his mentioning other eminent writers of the Scots,—These will not do, said Johnson, let us have some more of your northern lights, these are mere farthing candles.

A Scotsman upon his introduction to Johnson said,—I am afraid, Sir, you will not like me, I have the misfortune to come from Scotland:—Sir, answered he, that is a misfortune; but such a one as you and the rest of your countrymen cannot help.

To one who wished him to drink some wine and be jolly, adding,—You know Sir, *in vino veritas*: Sir, answered he, this is a good recommendation to a man who is apt to lie when sober.

When he was first introduced to general Paoli, he was much struck with his reception of him; he said he had very much the air of a man who had been at the head of a nation: he was particularly
pleased

pleased with his manner of receiving a stranger at his own house, and said it had dignity and affability joined together.

Johnson said, he had once seen Mr. Stanhope, lord Chesterfield's son, at Doddsley's shop, and was so much struck with his awkward manners and appearance, that he could not help asking Mr. Doddsley who he was.

Speaking one day of tea, he said,—What a delightful beverage must that be, that pleases all palates, at a time when they can take nothing else at breakfast!

To his censure of fear in general, he made however one exception, with respect to the fear of death, *timorum maximus*; he thought that the best of us were but unprofitable servants, and had much reason to fear.

Johnson thought very well of lord Kaimes's Elements of Criticism; of other of his writings he thought very indifferently, and laughed much at his opinion, that war was a good thing occasionally, as so much valour and virtue were exhibited in it. A fire, says Johnson, might as well be thought a good thing; there is the bravery and address of the firemen employed in extinguishing it; there is much humanity exerted in saving the lives and properties of the poor sufferers; yet, says he, after all this, who can say a fire is a good thing?

Speaking of schoolmasters, he used to say, they were worse than the Egyptian task-masters of old. No boy, says he, is sure any day he goes to school to escape a whipping: how can the schoolmaster tell

what the boy has really forgotten, and what he has neglected to learn; what he has had no opportunities of learning, and what he has taken no pains to get at the knowledge of? yet for any of these, however difficult they may be, the boy is obnoxious to punishment.

He used to say something tantamount to this: When a woman affects learning, she makes a rivalry between the two sexes for the same accomplishments, which ought not to be, their provinces being different. Milton said before him,

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

He used to say, that in all family-disputes the odds were in favour of the husband, from his superior knowledge of life and manners: he was, nevertheless, extremely fond of the company and conversation of women, and was early in life much attached to a most beautiful woman at Lichfield, of a rank superior to his own.

He never suffered any one to swear before him. When ———, a libertine, but a man of some note, was talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story, I beg you will not swear. The narrator went on swearing: Johnson said, I must again intreat you not to swear. He swore again: Johnson quitted the room.

He was no great friend to puns, though he once by accident made a singular one. A person who affected to live after the Greek manner, and to anoint

anoint himself with oil, was one day mentioned before him. Johnson, in the course of conversation on the singularity of his practice, gave him the denomination of, This man of *Greece*, or *grease*, as you please to take it.

Of a member of parliament, who, after having harangued for some hours in the house of commons, came into a company where Johnson was, and endeavoured to talk him down, he said, This man has a pulse in his tongue.

He was not displeased with a kind of pun made by a person, who (after having been tired to death by two ladies who talked of the antiquity and illustriousness of their families, himself being quite a new man) cried out, with the ghost in Hamlet,

——— This eternal blazon
Must not be to ears of flesh and blood.

One who had long known Johnson, said of him, In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking will say next: this you can never do of Johnson: his images, his allusions, his great powers of ridicule throw the appearance of novelty upon the most common conversation.

He was extremely fond of Dr. Hammond's Works, and sometimes gave them as a present to young men going into orders: he also bought them for the library at Streatham.

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock, said Johnson, is a scoundrel:—having nothing in particular to do himself, and having none of his time appropriated, he was a troublesome guest to persons who had much to do.

He rose as unwillingly as he went to bed.

He said, he was always hurt when he found himself ignorant of any thing.

Being asked by a young man this question, Pray, Sir, where and what is Palmyra?—Johnson replied, Sir, it is a hill in Ireland, which has palm-trees growing on the top, and a bog at the bottom, and therefore is called Palm-mira; but observing that the young man believed him in earnest, and thanked him for the intelligence, he undeceived him, and not only gave him a geographical description of it, but related its history.

He was extremely accurate in his computation of time. He could tell how many heroick Latin verses could be repeated in such a given portion of it; and was anxious that his friends should take pains to form in their minds some measure for estimating the lapse of it.

Of authors he used to say, that as they think themselves wiser or wittier than the rest of the world, the world, after all, must be the judge of their pretensions to superiority over them.

Complainers, said he, are always loud and clamorous.

He thought highly of Mandeville's Treatise on the Hypochondriacal Disease.

I wrote, said Johnson, the first seventy lines in the Vanity of Human Wishes, in the course of one morning, in that small house beyond the church at Hampstead. The whole number was composed before I committed a single couplet to writing. The same method I pursued in regard to the Prologue on opening Drury-Lane Theatre. I did not afterwards change more than a word in it, and that was done

at

at the remonstrance of Garrick; I did not think his criticism just, but it was necessary that he should be satisfied with what he was to utter.

To a gentleman who expressed himself in disrespectful terms of Blackmore, one of whose poetick bulls he happened just then to recollect, Dr. Johnson answered, —I hope, Sir, a blunder, after you have heard what I shall relate, will not be reckoned decisive against a poet's reputation: when I was a young man, I translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:

Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And kill'd the yet unanimated young.

And yet I trust I am no blockhead. I afterwards changed the word *kill'd* into *crush'd*.

When Bolingbroke died, and bequeathed the publication of his works to Mallett, Johnson observed, —His lordship has loaded a blunderbuss against religion, and has left a scoundrel to pull the trigger.

Were you ever, Sir, said a person to Johnson, in company with Dr. Warburton? He answered, I never saw him till one evening, about a week ago, at the bishop of St. ———'s: at first he looked furlily at me; but, after we had been jostled into conversation, he took me to a window, asked me some questions, and before we parted, was so well pleased with me, that he patted me. You always, Sir, preserved a respect for him? Yes, and justly; when as yet I was in no favour with the world, he spoke well of me*, and I hope I never forgot the obligation.

* In his Preface to Shakespeare.

I am convinced, said he to a friend, I ought to be present at divine service more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often disturb the mental calm which otherwise would succeed to prayer. I am apt to whisper to myself on such occasions, How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention, after we have been listening to the sublimest truths, conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a liturgy, which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom. Take notice, however, though I make this confession respecting myself, I do not mean to recommend the fastidiousness that sometimes leads me to exchange congregational for solitary worship.—He was at Streatham church when Dodd's first application to him was made, and went out of his pew immediately, to write an answer to the letter he had received; afterwards, when he related this circumstance, he added,—I hope I shall be pardoned, if once I deserted the service of God for that of man.

He once expressed these sentiments:—I have seldom met with a man whose colloquial ability exceeded that of Mallett. I was but once in Sterne's company, and then his only attempt at merriment consisted in his display of a drawing too indecently gross to have delighted even in a brothel. Colman never produced a luckier thing than his first Ode in ridicule of Gray; a considerable part of it may be numbered among those felicities which no man has twice attained. Gray was the very Torr  * of poetry;

* A foreigner of that name, who some years ago exhibited a variety of splendid fire-works at Marybone Gardens.

he played his coruscations so speciously, that his steel-dust is mistaken by many for a shower of gold.

At one period of the Doctor's life he was reconciled to the bottle. Sweet wines, however, were his chief favourites; when none of these were before him, he would sometimes drink Port with a lump of sugar in every glass. The strongest liquors, and in very large quantities, produced no other effect on him than moderate exhilaration. Once, and but once, he is known to have had his dose, a circumstance which he himself discovered, on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire; he then started up, and gravely observed,—I think it time we should go to bed. After a ten years' forbearance of every fluid except tea and sherbet, I drank, said he, one glass of wine to the health of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the evening of the day on which he was knighted; I never swallowed another drop, till old Madeira was prescribed to me as a cordial during my present indisposition, but this liquor did not relish as formerly, and I therefore discontinued it.

His knowledge in manufactures was extensive, and his comprehension relative to mechanical contrivances was still more extraordinary. The well-known Mr. Arkwright pronounced him to be the only person who, on a first view, understood both the principle and powers of his most complicated piece of machinery.

Garrick, said he, I hear complains that I am the only popular author of his time who has exhibited no praise of him in print; but he is mistaken, Aken-side has forborne to mention him. Some indeed are

lavish in their applause of all who come within the compass of their recollection; yet he who praises every body, praises nobody; when both scales are equally loaded, neither can preponderate.

A *congé d'elire*, said a gentleman, has not the force of a positive command, but implies only a strong recommendation. Yes, replied Johnson, who overheard him, just such a recommendation as if I should throw you out of a three-pair-of-stairs window, and recommend you to fall to the ground.

He would not allow the verb *derange*, a word at present much in use, to be an English word. Sir, said a gentleman who had some pretensions to literature, I have seen it in a book. Not in a *bound* book, said Johnson; *disarrange* is the word we ought to use instead of it.

He thought very favourably of the profession of the law, and said, that the sages thereof, for a long series backward, had been friends to religion. Fortescue says, that their afternoon's employment was the study of the Scriptures.



lavish in their applause of all who come within the compass of their recollection; yet he who praises every body, praises nobody, when both scales are equally loaded, neither can preponderate.

A cease & live, said a gentleman, has not the force of a positive command, but implies only a strong recommendation. Yes, replied John-son, who overheard him, just such a recommend-ation as if I should throw you out of a three-pair-of-stairs window, and recommend you to fall to the ground.

IRENE;

He would not allow the verb to be a word as present much in use, to be an English word. Sir, said a gentleman who had some pretensions to literature, I have seen it in a book. Not in a book.

TRAGEDY.

He thought very favourably of the profession of the law, and said, that the stages thereof, for a long series backward, had been friends to religion. For scarce says, that their afternoon's employment was the study of the scriptures.

P R O L O G U E

YE glancing I find whom lace and velvet dress
 Suspend the lot of ladies of dress;
 From grovelling souls and superfluous care
 Ye sons of Avarice, a moment spare
 Votaries of Fame and worshippers of Pow'r
 Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour
 Our daring Bard, with spirit unconstrain'd
 Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind
 Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind
 Daring, tho' calm; and vigorous, tho' resign'd
 Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast
 In pow'r dependent, in success desert
 Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow
 All else is empty sound, and idle show
 If truth like this with pleasing language join
 Ennobled, yet undragg'd by Nature's line
 If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules
 Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools
 Intriguing wits his artists plot forgive
 And spare him, beauteous, tho' his lovers live
 Be this at least his praise, be this his pride
 To force applause no modern arts are try'd
 Shou'd partial ear-calls all his hopes confound
 He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound
 Shou'd welcome sleep relieve the weary wit
 He rolls no thunder o'er the drowsy pit
 No hints to captivate the judgment spreads
 Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads
 Unmov'd tho' wilings fleet and rivals fail
 Studios to please, yet not abash'd to fail
 He scorns the meek addres; the suppliant strain
 With meek needles, and without it vain
 In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust
 Yet Tops be silent, and ye Wits be just

P R O L O G U E.

YE glitt'ring Train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring Bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise; be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Shou'd partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Shou'd welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
Ye Fops be silent! and ye Wits be just!

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

M E N.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr. BARRY.
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	Mr. BERRY.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	Mr. SOWDEN.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr. HAVARD.
HASAN,	} Turkish Captains,	Mr. USHER.
CARAZA,		Mr. BURTON.
DEMETRIUS,	} Greek Noblemen,	Mr. GARRICK.
LEONTIUS,		Mr. BLAKES.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr. KING.

W O M E N.

ASPASIA,	} Greek Ladies,	Mrs. CIBBER.
IRENE,		Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ATTENDANTS on IRENE.

I R E N E;

A T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkish Habits.

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain:
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted fabre thirsts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!

The

The last corruption of degenerate man!
 Urg'd by th' imperious foldier's fierce command,
 The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
 Pregnant with stores, that India's mines might envy
 Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
 That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
 That wealth, which granted to their weeping prince,
 Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
 But thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
 Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
 Lamenting Av'rice now too late discovers
 Her own neglected, in the publick safety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,
 Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
 With false security beheld invasion.
 Why should they fear?—That power that kindly
 spreads

The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
 To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
 Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
 And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
 A feeble government, eluded laws,
 A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
 And all the maladies of sinking states.
 When publick villany, too strong for justice,
 Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,

Can

Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabrick nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from heav'n or hell,
Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the power of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to prayer, and wander thro' the streets;
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;

Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace burst a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright, and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madness:
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her.

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows:
Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin-martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleasing visions, and assuasive dreams,
O! soothe my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-sprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Bassa :

The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.
He, tir'd of slav'ry, tho' the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own ;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save ?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures ;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, 'Awake, Demetrius,
'Awake, and follow me to better fortunes ;'
Surpriz'd I start, and bless the happy dream ;
Then rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equip'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow-captives,
Selected

Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
So small a force? or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour,
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

S C E N E II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If chafing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,
Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,

Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
 Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
 But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
 And only credits what experience tells.
 Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
 Does adamantinè faith invest his heart?
 Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
 Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
 Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
 Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

D E M E T R I U S.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,
 And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
 Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
 And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
 Your slaughter'd multitudes that swell the shore
 With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
 Virtue and liberty engross his soul,
 And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

L E O N T I U S.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
 Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;
 Consult in private, call me when your scheme
 Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [*Going.*]

D E M E T R I U S.

Leontius, stay.

C A L I.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
 And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
 My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
 When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
 Embroil'd

Embroid'd the Turkish state, our Sultan's father
 Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
 The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
 And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
 From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
 This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast,
 He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
 And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts;
 For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
 Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r
 And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
 If there be any land, as fame reports,
 Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
 Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,
 Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
 Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy

The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast ;
 But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
 Secure he tramples my declining fame,
 Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy doom ?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is still forgot.

CALI.

On Asia's coast,
 Which lately bless'd my gentle government,
 Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
 Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
 My policy shall raise an easy throne ;
 The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
 And harraßs Greece no more with wasteful war.
 A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
 Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

DEMETRIUS.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
 And gives a thousand fatal questions birth ;
 Why stor'd for flight ? and why prepar'd by Cali ?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
 Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca ;
 Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,
 And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the Queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial goodness!
It must, it must be she; her name?

CALI.

Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms,
Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

CALI.

C A L I.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
 At length rekindled his accusom'd fury,
 And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper
 To threats of torture, death, and violation.

D E M E T R I U S.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
 Distract my soul ; dispatch thy ling'ring tale ;
 Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant ?
 Did interposing angels guard her from him ?

C A L I.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
 Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene ;
 Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
 Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,
 Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
 Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
 Gain'd all his heart ; at length his eager love
 To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

L E O N T I U S.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail ?

C A L I.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
 While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
 With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
 She feeds his hopes, and soothes him to delay.
 For her, repose is banish'd from the night
 And business from the day. In her apartments
 He lives——

L E O N T I U S.

And there must fall.

C A L I.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to speak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aspasia?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

CALI.

At least this day be calm——If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture—
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Leontius.*]

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,

And

And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
 Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
 And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

C A L I.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,
 Or arm his breast against the force of love?
 Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
 The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
 But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

M U S T A P H A.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
 Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;
 Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
 Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
 Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
 Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

C A L I.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided.
 Prospects obscur'd by distance faintly strike;
 Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
 And every danger shocks with double horror.

M U S T A P H A.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate!
 How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

C A L I.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
 With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

M U S T A P H A.

Heav'n will condemn the mercenary fervour,
 Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

C A L I.

C A L I.

Cease, cease thy censures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

S C E N E IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA,

C A L I.

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses.

M A H O M E T.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers ;
For what is length of days without Irene ?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

C A L I.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good.

M A H O M E T.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins ;
Yet unacquainted with these soft emotions
I walk'd superior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still

Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

M U S T A P H A.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty
Enquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

M A H O M E T.

Go see him die;
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Mustapha.]

S C E N E V.

M A H O M E T, C A L I.

M A H O M E T.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

C A L I.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

M A H O M E T.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,

Prowls

Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey?
 While fair Hungaria's unexhausted vallies
 Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
 Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps?
 Nor couldst thou more support a life of sloth
 Than Amurath —

C A L I.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aside.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
 Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

C A L I.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd —

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler service.—
 Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
 The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
 Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
 And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
 Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,
 With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
 Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
 And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

C A L I.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
 Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
 Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
 Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
 Extended empire, like expanded gold,
 Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politicks to vulgar kings,
 Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
 His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
 When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
 Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
 Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.
 [Exeunt.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A S P A S I A, I R E N E.

I R E N E.

A S P A S I A, yet pursue the sacred theme;
 Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
 And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.
 Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
 Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
 The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
 The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
 Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

A S P A S I A.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
 And bar the passes of Irene's mind
 Against returning guilt.

I R E N E.

When thou art absent
 Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
 Then

Then visions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue:
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in every thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that wait th' apostate;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court
With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
And folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate,
Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

A S P A S I A .

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
 Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
 Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
 Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
 O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
 Soon would his art or valour set us free,
 And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

I R E N E .

He yet may live.

A S P A S I A .

Alas! delusive dream!
 Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
 Th' impetuous fallies of excessive virtue,
 Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

S C E N E II.

A S P A S I A , I R E N E , C A L I , A B D A L L A .

C A L I T O A B D A L L A , A S T H E Y A D V A N C E .

Behold our future Sultaneſs, Abdalla;
 Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull ſuſpicion,
 Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
 Wouldſt thou ſubdue th' obdurate cannibal
 To tender friendship, praife him to his miſtreſs.

[T O I R E N E .]

Well may thoſe eyes that view theſe heav'nly charms
 Rejeſt the daughters of contending kings;
 For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
 Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

A B D A L L A .

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or, can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty state
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
 A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends ;
 Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the shore,
 And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace :
 Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
 The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest ;
 Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

S C E N E III.

CALI, SOLUS.

How heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
 Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations !
 While with incessant thought laborious man
 Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
 And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness,
 Some accidental gust of opposition
 Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
 O'erturns the fabrick of presumptuous reason,
 And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
 Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
 And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,
 Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
 In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
 In all the fopperies of meeting lovers ;
 In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
 In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.——

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.——

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts, and maturer counsels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of nature urge us forward;
Despotick rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,

The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

CALI.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us rush upon the careless tyrant,
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But see, where destin'd to protract our counsels,
Comes Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal you.
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CALI AND MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
 These days of love and pleasure charm not thee;
 Too slow these gentle constellations roll,
 Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
 And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
 Beneath the load of business, and of years!

CALI.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
 My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
 I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,
 And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
 Conduct her hither, let no rude intrusion
 Molest these private walks, or care invade
 These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene,

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.
 Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?

Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice,
 In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
 And load with perjuries his parting soul?
 Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,
 My father call'd me to his couch of death,
 Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and salt'ring cry'd,
 Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
 With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?
 Are these the counsels? This the faith of Cali?
 Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
 Confest? —

M U S T A P H A.

Confest by dying Menodorus,
 In his last agonies the gasping coward,
 Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
 Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
 Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing,

M A H O M E T, EXAMINING THE PAPER.

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!
 His hand! His seal! The secrets of my soul
 Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conspire
 To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain.
 Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines discover'd,
 Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
 Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
 Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
 And broke the meditated lines of war.
 Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
 Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
 Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

M U S T A P H A.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason;
Th' insidious Bassa fir'd by disappointment——

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address and forcery of tongue;
And should he fall unheard, by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day with hypocritick zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world;
Bribe to his cause and lift beneath his banners

Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftneſs,
And arm the Perſian heretick againſt thee ;
There ſhall he waſte thy frontiers, check thy conqueſts,
And though at length ſubdued, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance ? no—My troops ſhall range
Th' eternal ſnows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Africk's torrid ſands, in ſearch of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence ſhall my fury drag him down to tortures ;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou diſmiſs the ſavage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world ?

MAHOMET.

Suſpend his ſentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided ſoul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aſide
For idle hours, and cruſh him at my leiſure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatneſs of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conſpiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice ſince the morning roſe I ſaw the Baſſa,
Like a fell adder ſwelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch

In

In private conference ; beside him stood
 Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom ;
 I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
 The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
 And stern composure of despairing heroes ;
 And, to confirm my thought, at sight of me,
 As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
 With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
 Allow no pause for art or for contrivance ;
 And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
 Do thou resolve : for see Irene comes !
 At her approach each ruder gust of thought
 Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
 And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[Cali enters with Irene, and exit with Mustapha.]

S C E N E VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
 To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen ?
 Ah ! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
 That melt a heart impregnable till now,
 And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
 How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
 Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
 With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
 Amidst

Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

I R E N E.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns and fulness of enjoyment?

M A H O M E T.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death and careless of hereafter;
While heav'n's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

I R E N E.

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd
to flatter,
That air resistless and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabrick was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

M A H O M E T.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace:
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells

Conceal

Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedrop'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with musick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the blifs and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty blifs?
To want give affluence? and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure, and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you;
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
 Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
 I thought, forgive my fair, the noblest aim,
 The strongest effort of a female soul,
 Was but to chuse the graces of the day ;
 To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
 Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
 And add new roses to the faded cheek.
 Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
 To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
 To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
 To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
 To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
 And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile ?

I R E N E.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
 Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the power to bless—Irene's nod
 Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian ;
 Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
 Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

I R E N E.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin !

MAHOMET.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin ;
 Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.

Security

Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And love infold thee with his downy wings.

If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI enters with a discontented Air; to him enters
ABDALLA.]

CALI.

IS this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
Is this the restless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

CALI.

C A L I.

Some petty passion ! some domestick trifle !
 Some vain amusement of a vacant soul !
 A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
 Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
 Is this a time for softness or for sorrow ?
 Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues !
 When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
 And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

A B D A L L A.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
 The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature ?
 And quit the names of brother, friend, and father ?

C A L I.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
 Ev'n from the birth affects supreme command,
 Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
 O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
 As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
 The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,
 Mix undistinguish'd with the gen'ral roar.

A B D A L L A.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast
 Claim but the second place : there mighty love
 Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
 His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

C A L I.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth ;
 Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
 Pants for the dread event—But let us reason—

A B D A L L A.

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
 And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
 To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?
 Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
 Might well besit the solitary student,
 Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.
 Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
 That all her faculties receive his chains?
 That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
 Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
 Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
 Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
 Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
 That loses all because she hazards nothing!
 Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
 The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

CALI.

But why this sudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Because I love;

Because my flighted passion burns in vain!
 Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
 Why foam the swelling waves when tempests rise?
 Why shakes the ground, when subterraneous fires
 Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair;
 Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
 Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky,
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

CALI.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

[*Enter Demetrius and Leontius.*]

CALI.

Now be some moments master of thyself,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope?

Still

Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd
limbs?

C A L I.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

L E O N T I U S.

So weak is man, when destin'd to destruction,
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

C A L I.

At my command yon' iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

D E M E T R I U S.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.

The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
 Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
 Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
 To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
 But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
 Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites,
 Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
 But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
 Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
 May spare the fatal bow-string till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,
 We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
 Rouse, Cali, shall the sons of conquer'd Greece
 Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?
 'This night with all her conscious stars be witness,
 Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits most!—I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
 Well,—'tis decreed—This night shall fix our fate.
 Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
 With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer

Th'

Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
 Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
 There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,
 Await our coming, equally prepar'd
 For speedy flight, or obstinate defence. [*Exit Leont.*

S C E N E III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
 And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
 If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,
 Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
 Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
 Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
 And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
 Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
 A little longer and she's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
 Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
 Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
 Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit Dem.*

S C E N E IV.

C A L I, A B D A L L A.

A B D A L L A.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languish,
 To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
 The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
 Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
 Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast;
 Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
 But he must live to make his masters wretched?

C A L I.

What claim hast thou to plead?

A B D A L L A.

The claim of pow'r,
 Th' unquestion'd claim of conquerors, and kings!

C A L I.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

A B D A L L A.

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand
 Against his king, and cry, remember justice?
 Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
 Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
 Justice demands—But see th' approaching Sultan.
 Oppose my wishes, and—remember justice.

C A L I.

Disorder sits upon thy face—retire.

[Exit Abdalla, enter Mahomet.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan blest'd with happy love;
 My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
 With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
 When pale, and anxious for their years to come,
 They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,
 And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion,
 She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair,
 Call to your aid with boundless promises
 Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination
 That raises tumults in the female breast,
 The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

MAHOMET.

These arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
 By hateful business hurried from her sight,
 I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
 Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
 Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[Exit Mahomet.]

S C E N E VI.

CALI, SOLUS.

He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
 Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs.—
 Our distant int'rests, and our different passions
 Now haste to mingle in one common center,
 And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
 Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—
 Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
 Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
 Reason with reason fights on equal terms,
 The raging madman's unconnected schemes
 We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
 Deep in my breast be treasured this resolve,
 When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
 Too fierce, too faithless for neglect or trust.

[Enter Irene with Attendants,

S C E N E VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidst the splendor of encircling beauty,
 Superior majesty proclaims the queen,
 And nature justifies our monarch's choice,

IRENE.

Reserve this homage for some other fair,
 Urge me not on to glittering guilt, nor pour
 In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

CALI.

C A L I.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

A S P A S I A.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

C A L I.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me chuse a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

S C E N E VIII.

I R E N E, A S P A S I A, Attendants.

A S P A S I A.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring Sultaness aside,

[Irene signs to her attendants to retire.

While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

S 4

I R E N E.

I R E N E.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
 Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,
 Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

A S P A S I A.

The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
 No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour:
 Those holy beings, whose superior care
 Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
 Affrighted at impiety like thine,
 Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

I R E N E.

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedness,
 I am not yet a queen or an apostate.
 But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
 If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
 The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

A S P A S I A.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
 Are only varied modes of endless being;
 Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone;
 Not for itself but for a nobler end
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with a greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away;
 Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

I R E N E.

IRENE.

If built on settled thought, this constancy
 Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
 Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
 Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
 Why then did not this warlike Amazon
 Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
 Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,
 Made passive fortitude the praise of woman:
 Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
 Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
 But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
 Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
 Implor'd th' eternal power to shield my country,
 With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene shine the Queen of Turkey,
 No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected.
 Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
 Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
 Again her temples sound with holy musick:
 No more should danger fright, or want distress
 The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
 Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed:
 That maxim publish'd in an impious age,
 Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,

And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title ;
 Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
 And bid success become the test of truth ;
 Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
 And persecution boast the call of heav'n.

I R E N E.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
 And plan the happiness of mourning millions ?

A S P A S I A.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain :
 When social laws first harmonis'd the world,
 Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
 The scale of justice, and the sword of pow'r,
 Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

I R E N E.

To me my lover's fondness will restore
 Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

A S P A S I A.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,
 Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,
 To fix his court and regulate his pleasures,
 Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates
 Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
 Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,
 That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul ;
 There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
 And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain :
 There wear the tedious hours of life away,
 Beneath each curse of unrelenting heav'n,
 Despair, and slav'ry, solitude, and guilt.

I R E N E.

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by heav'n,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft' shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me, should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon shouldst thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

I R E N E .

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by heav'n
 To mark the noblest minds ; with active heat
 Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
 Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire ;
 While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
 Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger :
 Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
 The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
 And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
 Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs ;
 While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
 In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
 Directs the planets with a careless nod,
 Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

A S P A S I A .

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound
 The cause that shrinks from reason's powerful voice.
 Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled
 thought,
 And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
 Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
 Angelick greatness is angelick virtue.
 Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
 Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
 And wish too late for innocence and peace ?
 Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
 With gloomy state and agonizing pomp.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A Turkish stranger, of majestick mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.

[*Exit Irene, enter Demetrius.*]

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?
 Why shoots this chilnefs through thy shaking nerves?
 Why does thy soul retire into herself?
 Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:
 Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful
 sounds
 Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
 A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul,
 The present, past, and future swim before me,
 Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecstacy of love! such pure affection,
 What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
 Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
 A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
 But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright being, in this age of absence,
 What fears, what griefs, what dangers hast thou
 known?

Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, figh'd,
 Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, figh'd in vain!

Say,

Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd,
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather, how thy happy courage
Stem'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death?
Did savage anger and licentious conquest
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Concur'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

ASPASIA

Sure heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

S C E N E XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty Sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not linger here,
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Aspasia hence,
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part——

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part——

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' encreasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.

Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, enter as talking.

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—resistless reason calms my soul—
 Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
 And nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
 Yet when your hand is lifted to destroy,
 Think—but excuse a woman's needless caution,
 Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
 Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
 Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue,
 Then strike secure, and heav'n assist the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
 Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
 Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
 To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
 Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
 Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
 Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
 Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,

That spread their colours to the genial beam,
 And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
 But when the tempest with sonorous wing
 Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
 Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,
 Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
 Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host
 Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
 And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
 Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
 And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
 Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,
 To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship—
 Abdalla! —

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then dissemble?

That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
 For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
 For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undefining hero,
 With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
 To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,
 Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,

And intermix'd my praises with his own;
 His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
 Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,
 Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;
 Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,
 I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,
 And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
 Left baneful discord crush our infant scheme,
 And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
 Now hopes, now fears —

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the sov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
 Detests thy false associates' black designs,
 And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
 Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
 When heav'n shall bid the swelling billows rage,
 And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
 Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
 Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
 Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by heav'n,
 Successful treasons punish impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death ;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush ;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man ! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear, or trust, is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas ! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conscience ?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction,
What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

DEMETRIUS.

D E M E T R I U S.

Dismiss these needless fears — a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

A S P A S I A.

Still, still distrust sits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

D E M E T R I U S.

Should heav'n yet unappeas'd refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness on our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love?

A S P A S I A.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the publick ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

D E M E T R I U S.

Submissive and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of heav'n,

Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
 Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
 The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
 To kind Italia's hospitable shades;
 There shall soft Leisure wing th' excursive soul,
 And Peace propitious smile on fond desire;
 There shall despotick Eloquence resume
 Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
 There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
 And wake from ignorance the western world.

S C E N E II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI,

CALI.

At length th' unwilling fun resigns the world
 To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
 Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
 Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these hours as parts of vulgar time,
 Think them a sacred treasure lent by heav'n,
 Which squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
 No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems;
 To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
 Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;
 To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
 The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important moments
 In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
 Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
 The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
 But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
 And fans the slumb'ring spark of heav'nly fire.
 Retire, my fair; that pow'r that smiles on goodness
 Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
 And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
 To feel no more the pangs of separation! [Exit.

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
 No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
 Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,
 And show Irene to the shouting people:
 Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
 And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r,
 With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
 Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty
 Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
 Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
 Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

T 4

SCENE

S C E N E III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Reclines against the shore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes;
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords!
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field;
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

CALI.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,
 For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
 Demetrius justly pleads a double title,
 The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
 Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
 My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
 Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
 Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs;
 All ye, whose blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
 Or persecution drank, attend our call;
 And from the mansions of perpetual peace
 Descend, to sweeten labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
 Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
 Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
 Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
 Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
 And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

CALI.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali;
 When Asia's nations own me for their lord,
 Wealth, and command, and grandeur shall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reserv'd for me?
 Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion?
 Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,
 Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
 And bid thy visionary throne farewell.

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
 Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
 Nor hope, nor wish, nor live but for Aspasia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
 Heav'n makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her and possess, thou know'st thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
 I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
 And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.

Nor

Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat ;
 The rights of princes let the sword decide,
 The petty claims of empire and of honour :
 Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
 A surer passage to his hated heart.

C A L I.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
 The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

A B D A L L A.

When next we meet, before we storm the palace,
 The bowl shall circle to confirm our league,
 Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,

[Shewing a phial.]

And stream destructive through his freezing veins :
 Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
 And perish ere he tastes the joys of conquest.

S C E N E V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
 Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene :
 The matchless fair has blest'd me with compliance ;
 Let every tongue resound Irene's praise,
 And spread the general transport through mankind.

C A L I.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
 At once the joys of paradise and empire,

Now

Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,
Nor wish for houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O! could the eyes of kings, like those of heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles, and oaths, and praises ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine!

MUSTAPHA.

Yet ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger:
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
 To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
 To canonize the slaves of superstition,
 And fill the world with follies and impostures,
 Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
 And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
 O could her fabled saints, and boasted prayers
 Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
 How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,
 To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
 And bid the master genius rule the world.
 Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt Cali and Abdalla.*]

S C E N E VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives, and must he live to-morrow ?
 That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
 Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
 Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
 Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
 And wait your summons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
 Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit Mustapha.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

MAHOMET, SOLUS.

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
 Of happiness, lures on from toil to toil,
 Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
 Behold him here, in love, in war successful,
 Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
 His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
 Ambition only gave her to my arms,
 By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
 Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
 Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,
 And idolize th' apostate I condemn.
 If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
 More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
 O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

S C E N E VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, AND CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

CARAZA.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
 His air disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
 Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
 Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
 Absorb'd in thought; then starting from his trance,
 Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.
 With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla !

MAHOMET.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great !
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men !
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd ?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

SCENE

A T R A G E D Y.

S C E N E IX.

H A S A N, C A R A Z A.

H A S A N.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate sedition?

C A R A Z A.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

H A S A N.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

C A R A Z A.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

H A S A N.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.

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U

Profuse

Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
 When heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
 Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
 For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exit.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

ASPASIA, SOLUS.

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,
 While yet the future fortune of my country
 Lies in the womb of providence conceal'd,
 And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
 O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful virtue!
 Attention rise, survey the fair creation,
 Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
 Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
 This calm, these joys, dear innocence! are thine,
 Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[*Enter Irene and Attendants.*]

S C E N E II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, and Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the moon through all th' unclouded sky
 Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews

Revive

Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature shone
 New from the maker's hand, and fair array'd
 In the bright colours of primæval spring;
 When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
 Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
 This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
 Is sure the smile of unoffended heav'n.
 Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
 Aspasia stands——

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
 Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness.
 Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
 But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,
 Resumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
 Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures

[To Aspasia.

For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?
 Is this th' unshaken confidence in heav'n?
 Is this the boasted bliss of conscious virtue?
 When did content sigh out her cares in secret?
 When did felicity repine in deserts?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
 When daring vice insults eternal justice,
 The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
 And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

I R E N E .

Forbear thy threats, proud prophets of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

A S P A S I A .

Forbear—But thou art sunk beneath reproach ;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion ;
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[Enter Dem.

S C E N E III.

A S P A S I A , I R E N E , D E M E T R I U S .

D E M E T R I U S .

Fly, fly, my love, destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

A S P A S I A .

Is Greece deliver'd ? is the tyrant fall'n ?

D E M E T R I U S .

Greece is no more, the prosp'rous tyrant lives,
Reserv'd, for other lands, the scourge of heav'n.

A S P A S I A .

A S P A S I A.

Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

D E M E T R I U S.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla ———

A S P A S I A.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aspasia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country;
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece,
Oh, hide me from myself!

D E M E T R I U S.

Be fruitless grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize
The breast where virtue guards the throne of peace.
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery betray'd us.

I R E N E A S I D E.

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[Withdraws.]

A S P A S I A.

Yet tell.

D E M E T R I U S.

To tell, or hear, were waste of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost, in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla?—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is past, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn,

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay? deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa
Stood torpid in suspense; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali disarm'd was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
 Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
 The day disastrous that secures our flight;
 Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[Enter Abd.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
 That bears the fate of empires in her air,
 Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
 Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
 Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
 Advance, and perish in the frantick boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
 Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
 Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA

It now remains to fly!

U 4

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shun'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his fabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life, 'tis nature calls,
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[*Quitting Aspasia.*

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
 And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
 Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
 But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
 Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily Abdalla.*]

S C E N E V.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails, now fortune all is mine. [*Aside.*]
 Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan

[*To one of her attendants.*]

Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
 While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit Murza.*]

This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*]
 Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
 The happy moment, hasten to the shore,
 Ere he return with thousands at his side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
 Of freedom and of love: My trembling joints,
 Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.

Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;

Forfake

Forfake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins ;
Come haste, and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate heav'n.

I R E N E.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe ;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

A S P A S I A.

Oh ! rather scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

I R E N E.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind :
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion ;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember, peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell.

A S P A S I A.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

I RENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns :
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

DEMETRIUS.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[Seizing her hand.]

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom :
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

I RENE.

Whence is this violence ?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

I RENE.

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen :
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

D E M E T R I U S .

Farewell, unhappy maid : may ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive !

A S P A S I A .

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying heav'n !

[Exeunt Dem. Asp. with part of the attendants.]

S C E N E VI.

IRENE walks at a distance from her attendants.

After a pause.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain ;
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze ;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd ! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And

And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!

Come let us seek new pleasures in the palace,

[To her attendants, going off.

Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

S C E N E VII.

Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.

MUSTAPHA.

Fair falsehood stay.

IRENE.

What dream of sudden power

Has taught my slave the language of command !

Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—

Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!

Ask of thy heart ; attend the voice of conscience —

Who charges guilt ! lay by this proud resentment

That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,

Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.

Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accusation,

The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is past;
 Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
 But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
 Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

I R E N E.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them
 traitors.

I R E N E.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
 This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan;
 He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
 He knows how near apostacy to treason—
 But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
 I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
 To blood, too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[Exit Mustapha.]

I R E N E TO HER ATTENDANTS.

Go, blust'ring slave—He has not heard of Murza.
 That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, with mutes, who throw the black rope upon IRENE, and sign to her attendants to withdraw.

H A S A N.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

I R E N E.

What wild mistake is this? Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

H A S A N.

Alas! they come, commanded by the Sultan,
Th' unpitying minister of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

I R E N E.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now within her lover's arms
Securely sleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

C A R A Z A.

C A R A Z A.

We come, bright virgin, tho' relenting nature
 Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
 When, summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
 We ask'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
 He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene:
 We started at the sound, again enquir'd,
 Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

I R E N E.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
 wrong'd me?
 What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

H A S A N.

Expiring Cati nam'd Irene's chamber,
 The place appointed for his master's death.

I R E N E.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
 Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

C A R A Z A.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
 Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
 Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

I R E N E.

Some ill-designing statesman's base intrigue?
 Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
 Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
 Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
 Recall th' extorted doom.—It must be so,

Confess your crime, or lead me to the Sultan,
 There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser,
 Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
 Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
 That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[Enter ABDALLA, he stops short and listens.]

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA,

ABDALLA ASIDE.

All is not lost, Abdalla, see the queen,
 See the last witness of thy guilt and fear
 Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her and be great,

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
 To check this torrent of imperious rage;
 While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
 With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
 The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,
 And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
 Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.
 The raging Sultan burns till our return,
 Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
 And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
 That thus you parley with detected treason?
 Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,
 Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;

Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the mutes.*]

IRENE.

O name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horror and agony are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'ers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.

But

But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[The mutes at the sign lay hold of her.]

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call shall execute your charge;
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

I R E N E.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

C A R A Z A.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. *[Signs again to the mutes.]*

I R E N E.

Unutterable anguish!
Guilt and despair! pale spectres, grin around me,
And stun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying heaven,
These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this detested day
Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!

[Mutes force her out.]

S C E N E X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA *ASIDE*.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm;

Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

H A S A N T O C A R A Z A.

Does not thy bosom, for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

C A R A Z A.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

A B D A L L A.

Frame your report with circumscriptive art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

C A R A Z A.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

A B D A L L A.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause;
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

C A R A Z A.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'st his worth.

HASAN.
The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA,
ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.
Where's this fair trait'refs? Where's this smiling
mischief?

Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.
Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathless clay.

MAHOMET.
Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,
And disappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.
His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!

There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

S C E N E XII.

HAZAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA,
MURZA, ABDALLA,

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message from Irene.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason,
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek, Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt.

MAHOMET.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message;
And if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,

Or

Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring
traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requested—

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?

Was she then guiltless! Has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solitudes for me!
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage, [*To Haf. and*
Ye blind officious ministers of folly, [*Car.*
Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?
Could not her prayers, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error,
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

X 4

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! but think, illustrious Sultan,
 Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
 Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
 Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
 And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
 No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
 Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
 Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
 Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,
 Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
 Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet goes back and returns.

Yet ere I quit the scepter of dominion,
 Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
 Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,
 [Pointing to Hasan and Caraza.
 Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
 Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,
 And speed the stroke lest mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear! shall I hear thee! didst thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd—Be still thy fate to wish in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whose guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While she yet begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, maddeſs—Did ſhe call on me!
I feel, I ſee the ruſſian's barb'rous rage.
He ſeiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And ſtopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My ſpirits fail, awhile ſupport me, vengeance—
Be juſt, ye ſlaves, and, to be juſt, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Inſict whatever treaſon can deſerve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[Exit Mahomet.

[Abdalla is dragged off.

S C E N E XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA,
MURZA.

MUSTAPHA to MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave?
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the justice of all-conscious heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk, a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dress and sing
To please his fancy,—see no other man—
Let him persuade me to it—if he can :
Besides, he has fifty wives ; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry share ?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, strait, and tall ;
But how the devil should he please us all !
My swain is little — true — but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind ;
I swear this Eastern pageantry is nonsense,
And for one man—one wife's enough of conscience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due ;
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue :
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend ;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Tho' wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
These all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights :
And when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

2. M O E

P O E M S.

L O N D O N

A P O E M

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

Written in 1758.

— Ours in 1758.

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferus in remota juve.

P O E M

THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambray's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more,
For who wou'd leave, warrid, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

JUV. Sat. III.

"Quamvis distictis veteris consilii amici

Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem iugere Cunctis

Desider, acque namque in domo Sibyllae

—Ego vel Prochlam puerorum suburbe

Nam quid tam inlicitum, tam solus videtur, ut non

Deterius credas horreare incedas, lapsus

Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula texe

Urbis, & Angusto recitantes mente potas?

There

L O N D O N :

A P O E M.

IN IMITATION OF THE
THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.

— Quis ineptæ

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? Juv.

' **T**HO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

² For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

J U V. SAT. III.

¹ Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

² — Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

There

There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay :
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

³ While THALES waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;
 Struck with the feat that gave Eliza * birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

⁴ Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
 Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;

³ Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
 Substitit ad veteres arcus. ———

⁴ Hic tunc Umbricius : Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid : proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas ;
 Dum nova canities ———

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
 Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
 While yet my steady steps no^s staff sustains,
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
 Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
 * Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

⁷ Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
 With warbling eunuchs fill our † silenc'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

⁵ — et pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram fubeunte bacillo.

⁶ Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istic
 Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

⁷ Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—
 Munera nunc edunt.

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses
 of parliament.

† The licensing act was then lately made.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
 When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
⁸ But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
 Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
 A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

⁹ Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

¹⁰ For what but social guilt the friend endears?
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

⁸ Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

⁹ — Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
 Quæ mandat norint alii: me nemo ministro
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

¹⁰ Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius? —
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
 Accusare potest.—

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

But

¹¹ But thou, should tempting villany present
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unfollied fame, and conscience ever gay.

¹² The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
 Mark whom the great cares, who frown on me!
 LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,

¹³ I cannot bear a French metropolis.

¹⁴ Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
 The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace,
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
 Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

¹¹ — Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
 Ut somno careas. —

¹² Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
 Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

¹³ — Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem. —

¹⁴ Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politicks import;
¹⁵ Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
¹⁶ They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

¹⁷ Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

¹⁸ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

¹⁹ These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
 And get a kick for awkward flattery.

¹⁵ Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
 Promptus. ———

¹⁶ Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit,
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

¹⁷ Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
 Haufit Aventini? ———

¹⁸ Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
 Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

¹⁹ Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis
 Creditur. ———

Besides,

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :
²⁰ Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
 And view each object with another's eye ;
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

²¹ How, when competitors like these contend,
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
 And lie without a blush, without a smile ;
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
 They first invade your table, then your breast ;
²² Explore your secrets with insidious art,
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

²⁰ Natio comœda est. Rides ? majore cachinno
 Concutitur, &c.

²¹ Non fumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni
 Nocte dieque potest alienum fumere vultum,
 A facie jactare manus : laudare paratus,
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus. ———

²² Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

²³ By numbers here from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

²⁴ Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd;
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

²⁵ Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
 No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
 No secret island in the boundless main?
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN?
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
 And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,

²⁶ SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D;

²³ ——— Materiem præbet causâsque jocosum
 Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.

²⁴ Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
 Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

²⁵ ——— Agmine factò,
 Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

²⁶ Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
 Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis
 Conatus. ———

————— Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio, ———

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to
 some of our American provinces.

But

But here more flow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;

²⁷ Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

²⁸ Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth con-
found,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the skies;
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

²⁹ With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

²⁷ ——— *Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, testoque juvabit.*

²⁸ *Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.* ———

²⁹ ——— *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.*

Hic modium argenti. ———

See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;
 And raise his treasures higher than before :
 Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
³⁰ Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
 And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

³¹ Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
 There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;
 And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord :
 There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
 On all thy hours security shall smile,
 And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

³⁰ ——— Meliora, ac plura reponit
 Persicus orbis lautissimus. ———

³¹ Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
 Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
 Hortulus hic. ———
 Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

Prepare

³² Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

³³ Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

³⁴ Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

³⁵ In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

³⁶ Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

³² ——— Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas. ———

³³ Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ. ———

³⁴ ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

³⁵ Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.

³⁶ Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.

Propose

Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose * ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.

³⁷ A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

³⁸ Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:

³⁹ Farewell!—When youth, and health, and for-
tune spent,

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

³⁷ Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

³⁸ His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere causas;
Sed jumenta vocant. —

³⁹ — Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convellè à Cumis: fatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

* A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* Ver. 1—11.

But

332 THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

* But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † still one gen'ral cry the skies affails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once ‡ more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,

* Ver. 12—22.

† Ver. 23—27.

‡ Ver. 28—55.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. 333

See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophick eye.

To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind ;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

* Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;

* Ver. 56—107.

For

334 THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolfey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

The

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastick rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolfey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What * gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When † first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!

* Ver. 108—113.

† Ver. 114—132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
 See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The

The * festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandfires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On † what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacifick scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothick standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

* Ver. 133—146.

† Ver. 147—167.

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortrefs, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;

The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæfarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
 The fierce Croation, and the wild Hussar,
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;

* Ver. 188—288.

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
 No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;

The

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the fable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,

* Ver. 289—345.

Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
 To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where* then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

* Ver. 346—366.

Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetick friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till

Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new forcerers may ride ;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the publick voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage ; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe;
 Bid scenick virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of
 MILTON's Grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
 Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
 Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
 Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
 Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
 Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
 Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
 With close malevolence, or publick rage;
 Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
 Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
 This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
 That never Britain can in vain excel;
 The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
 And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
 Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
 And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
 Yields to renown the centuries to come;

With

With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
 While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
 Or trace his form on circulating gold.
 Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
 What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
 Hers the mild merits of domestick life,
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
 Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
 Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
 Surveys the general toil of human kind,
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
 And social sorrow loses half its pain;

Our

Our anxious bard without complaint may share
 This bustling season's epidemick care;
 Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
 Toft in one common ftorm with all the great;
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
 The busy candidates for power and fame
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the fame;
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
 Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
 Th' offended burges's hoards his angry tale,
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
 "This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
 Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote;"
 "This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
 "Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
 Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
 He feels no want of ill persuading gold;
 But confident of praise, if praise be due,
 Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the
 benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author
 of the play), and her children.
 The first representation of this play, 1770, a party
 applied to damn it, and succeeded.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE*,

SPOKEN by Mr. HULL.

THIS night presents a play which publick rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.
From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play), and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

Yet

Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
 When liberal pity dignified delight;
 When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

S P R I N G,
 A N O D E.

S TERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife;
 And Nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
 Arthritick * tyranny consigns;
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Tho' rapture sings and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend,
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
 From false careffes, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
 Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

M I D S U M M E R,
 A N O D E.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
 Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.
 Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet nature spreads;
 Where the green bower with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.
 Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let musick die along the grove;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tun'd to love.
 Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
 Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
 By turns we languish and we burn,
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
 Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
 Let me when nature calls to rest,
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
 And bid the waking world farewell.

A U T U M N,
 A N O D E.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
 Impatient time rolls on the year;
 The seasons change, and nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
 The flowers of Spring are swept away,
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.
 The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As russet heaths are wild and bare;
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
 Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.
 No more while thro' the midnight shade,
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O! would some god but wings supply!
 To where each morn the Spring restores,
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour?
 The grape remains! the friend of wit,
 In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This god of health, and verse, and day.
 Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R,
 A N O D E.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flower of various hue;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor gentle eve distills the dew.
 The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Usurping darkness shares the day;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.
 By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
 No musick warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now fought in vain.
 Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.
Let musick sound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.
Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor musick charm—tho' Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.
Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short Summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
Nor only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom ;
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

To Miss *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND
 SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER
 OWN WEAVING*.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
 To make thy curious web delight,
 In vain the varied work would shine,
 If wrought by any hand but thine ;
 Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.
 Spread out by me, the roving coin
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;
 Nor can I hope thy filken chain
 The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
 Why, Stella, was it then decreed
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

To

To Miss * * * * *

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN
A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES
OF HER OWN PAINTING*.

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
 Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
 How active light, and thoughtful shade,
 In greater scenes each other aid.
 Mark when the different notes agree
 In friendly contrariety,
 How passions well accorded strife,
 Gives all the harmony of life;
 Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
 Consistent still, though not the same;
 Thy musick teach the nobler art,
 To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING: an Ode,

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love,
 Stella, thither let us stray!
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.
 Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light;

Light

Light that seems but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Evening's silent hours employ,
 Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades,
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others woe,
 If her easy air expresses
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
 If her chintz with less expence
 Flows in easy negligence;
 Still she lights the conscious flame,
 Still her charms appear the same;
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance,

Beauty, which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing art,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems and rich brocade.
 I those charms alone can prize,
 Which from constant nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
 E'er can make, or more, or less.

To a FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;

To

To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
“Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
“And let the goddess trust her eyes.”
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?

Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth shall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—“That Stella mourn no more.”

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
 Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
 Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN
TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A
SPRIG OF MYRTLE*.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

*These verses were first printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were composed in the short space of five minutes.

To

To Lady FIREBRACE*,
At BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and
Grace.

To LYCE, an elderly Lady.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven;
Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

Her silver locks display the moon,
 Her brows a cloudy show,
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
 And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
 And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
 Denies my Lyce shines;
 And all the pens of Cupid's wing
 Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
 And all her bards express,
 My Lyce makes as good a sky,
 And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF
 Mr. ROBERT LEVET,
 A Practiser in Physic.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
 Nor letter'd arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH on CLAUDE PHILLIPS,
AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN*.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM
IN
THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhall in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti

* These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies; they are nevertheless recognized as Johnson's, in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling Fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

Hæres

Hæres patruelis
 Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo, et patrimonio successit
 Duas uxores fortitus est;
 Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato de
 Arlington comitissam
 Deindè celcissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
 dotariam
 Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
 Com. Suff. armigeri.
 Filiam et hæredem
 Inter humanitates studia feliciter enutritus
 Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
 Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.
 Postquam excessit et ephebis
 Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens
 Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus
 Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
 Si accinxit
 Cumq; apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
 Solent nihil temerè effutire
 Sed *probe* perpenſa differtè expromere
 Orator gravis et pressus
 Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
 commendatus
 Æquè omnium utcunq; inter se alioqui diffidentium
 Aures atque animos attraxit
 Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
 Felicissima, florentissimæque memoriæ regina
 Ad prolocutoris cathedram
 Comuni senatûs universi voce designatus est:
 Quod munus
 Cum nullo tempore non difficile
 Tum illo certè negotiis

Et

Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum
 Cum dignitate sustinuit.
 Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent,
 munera
 Sedulò detrectavit
 Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ,
 Justi rectique tenax
 Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
 Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent
 officiis fatis fecisset,
 Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens
 Inter literarum amœnitates,
 Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
 Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
 Honorificè confenuit,
 Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
 Desideratissimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHNSON*.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
 Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
 His various worth through varied life attend,
 And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
 His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
 With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;

* This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the
throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour fated, and with cares oppress'd;
To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestick worth:

Delighted

Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

To Miss HICKMAN*, playing on the Spinnet.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to despotick sway:
But when your musick sooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by musick's dreadful pow'r
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with destructive war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair;
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

* These Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS, Chap. VI.

Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

“ Go to the Ant thou Sluggard.”*

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
 Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
 No stern command, no monitory voice
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
 While artful shades thy downy couch inclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose.
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,
 Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII. Translated.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
 The fields and woods, behold! are green,
 The changing year renews the plain,
 The rivers know their banks again,
 The sprightly nymph and naked grace
 The mazy dance together trace.

* In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing.

The changing year's successive plan
 Proclaims mortality to man.
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
 Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray;
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
 And winter chills the world again:
 Her losses soon the moon supplies,
 But wretched man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid,
 Is nought but ashes and a shade.
 Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
 Will toss us in a morning more?
 What with your friend you nobly share
 At least you rescue from your heir.
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
 Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or virtue, shall restore to earth,
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
 Diana calls to life in vain;
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On seeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
 Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
 In every dome, in every sacred place,
 Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
 And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
 "This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

☞ *The following TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, and BURLESQUE VERSES, most of them extempore, are taken from ANECDOTES of Dr. JOHNSON, lately published by Mrs. PIOZZI.*

ANACREON, ODE IX.

L OVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd:
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign'd to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempt me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;

Under

Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast, and soft repose;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
 Void of care, and free from dread,
 From his fingers snatch his bread;
 Then with luscious plenty gay,
 Round his chamber dance and play;
 Or from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face extend my wings;
 And when feast and frolick tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all, be quick and go,
 More than all thou canst not know;
 Let me now my pinions ply,
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES written in ridicule of certain Poems
 published in 1777.

WHERESOEVER I turn my view,
 All is strange, yet nothing new;
 Endless labour all along,
 Endless labour to be wrong;
 Phrase that time has flung away,
 Uncouth words in disarray,
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY of a TRANSLATION from the
MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.
They to the dome where smoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the finger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.
The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.
Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the
wound.
When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE of the modern Versifications of ancient Legendary Tales. An IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLATION of the Two First Stanzas of the Song "*Rio verde, Rioverde*," printed in Bishop PERCY's Reliques of ancient English Poetry. An IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom sage, and tell
What is blifs, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of
LOPEZ DE VEGA. An IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguence
O ella di fer mas furiosa.

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at
the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEO-
LOGY. An IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following distich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì——durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes disappear,
Comets ! come every day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Lines of Mons. BENSERADE à son lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit ! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die ;
The near approach a bed may shew
Of human bliss to human woe.

EPITAPH for Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written
under a Print representing Persons skating.

SUR un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice est sous la glace ;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface,
Glissez mortels ; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above and death below ;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of the same.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play ;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

To Mrs. THRALE, on her completing her
thirty-fifth year. An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.

High

High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU on hearing Miss THRALE
consulting with a friend about a gown and
hat she was inclined to wear.

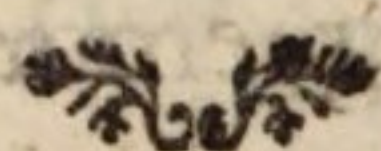
WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR
in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of META-
STASIO, beginning, "*Deb se piacermi vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teizing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO,
in the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning,
“ *Tu che in Corte invecchiasti.*”

GROWN old in courts, thou art not surely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour ;
Well skill'd to soothe a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship :
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious
praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne :
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit ;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.



P O E M A T A.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
 Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
 Læto cedere lumini
 Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
 Acri sanguine turgidos,
 Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
 Sanari voluit meos.
 Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
 Luci reddidit et mihi.
 Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar?
 Sacri discipulus libri
 Te semper studiis utilibus colam:
 Grates, summe Pater, tuis
 Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Christo memoranda nato
 Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
 Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
 Gratia Cœli!
 Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
 Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
 Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
 Annue, Christe.

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti,
 Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus :
 Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
 Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
 Peccator, ad latus meum ;
 Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
 Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore
 ‡ Numen
 Hoc || statuât, § precibus Christus adesse velit :
 Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa ¶ rogâsse,
 Qua solum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytick stroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above Lines, and said concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this, to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ.

‡ Al. leges.

|| Al. statuât.

§ Al. votis.

¶ Al. precari.

** Al. litare.

[Cal.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æternæ magister,
 Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
 Respice quem subigit senium, morbique seniles,
 Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
 Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
 Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
 Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
 Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
 Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
 Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
 Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
 Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
 Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia:
 Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
 Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
 Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
 In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
 Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.

Certa vetet dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
 Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
 Da, ne sint permiffa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
 Et colere, et leges femper amare tuas.
 Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo fecula, Chrifte, piâsti,
 Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo !

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris ? veniet tibi mollior
 hora,
 In summo ut videas numine læta patrem ;
 Divinam in fontes iram placavit Jesus ;
 Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

Qui cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
 Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
 Captans, nec fastu tumidus, femperque futuro
 Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
 Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
 Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
 Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui femper adesse
 Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
 Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
 Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
 Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.

Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
 Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem ;

Et

Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, fervet tutum sub pectore rectum :
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges, sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens ; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta reposcit.

Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator ;
Felicитatis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet ;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi ;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCE collustret mihi pectus alma,
 Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
 Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
 Gratia Christi:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
 Summus amplexu foveat, beato
 Me gregi sanctus focium beatum
 Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

SERVIA T ut menti corpus jejunia serva,
 Ut mens utatur corpore, fume cibos.

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
 Urbane, nullis victæ calumniis,
 Cui fronte fertum in erudita
 Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
 Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
 Vacare solis perge Musis,
 Juxta animo studiisque fælix.

Linguae procacis plumbea spicula,
 Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
 Victrix per obstantes catervas
 Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
 Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
 Intende jam nervos, habebis
 Participes opera camœnas.

Non

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
 Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis
 Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ferta Lycoride,
 Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
 Immista, sic Iris refulget
 Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ
 DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
 Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
 Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
 Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
 Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
 Pendula secretas abdedit arbor aquas.
 Nunc veteres duris periêre securibus umbræ,
 Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
 Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
 Tecta que qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
 Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
 Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Υ Τ Ο Ν .

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
 Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
 Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,

Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
 Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.

Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
 Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum, [tum,
 Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina va-
 Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,
 Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
 Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.

Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
 Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.

Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum
 Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
 Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
 Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
 Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.

Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris
 Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
 Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
 Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
 Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
 Desidiæ fors dura manet, graviorque labore
 Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
 Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
 Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
 Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
 Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
 Alme vocô, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
 Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustrô,
 Si qua usquam pateat melioris femita vitæ,
 Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
 Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri

Pectus,

Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
 Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
 Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
 Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.
 Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
 Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
 Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
 Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
 Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
 Non, operum serie feriem dum computat ævi,
 Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
 Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
 Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
 Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
 Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
 Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
 Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet
 Crepare vœcors, nil sapientiam
 Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
 In dubiis dare terga rebus
 Tu, queis laborat fors hominum, mala,
 Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
 Te mille succorum potentem
 Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
 Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
 Torpesque, languescisque, curis
 Solicitus nimis heu ! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus fatis est datum,
 Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
 Te, docta, Laurenti ; vetustas,
 Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
 Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
 Amice, majorem querelis
 Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

TERTII verso quater orbe lustri,
 Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
 Quam decet canos male literatos
 Sera voluptas !

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris ?
 Tene cantorum modulis stupere ?
 Tene per pictas oculo elegante
 Currere formas ?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
 Codices, veri studiosus, inter
 Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
 Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
 Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
 At seni fluxo sapienter uti
 Tempore restat.

[Infula

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, sed relligione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas,
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
Mollia non defunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

S K I A.

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,
 Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
 Quam grata defesso virentem,
 Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
 His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
 Non ira, non mœror quietis
 Infidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latefcere,
 Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
 Prodest vagari, nec frementes
 In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
 Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
 Parare posse, utcunque jactet
 Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
 Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
 Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
 Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

 ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

PER MEO terras ubi nuda rupes
 Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
 Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
 Rura labores.

Pervagor

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,

Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu

Squallet informis, tigurique fumis

Fæda latefcit.

Inter erroris falebrofa longi,

Inter ignotæ ftrepitus loquelæ,

Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,

Thralia dulcis ?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,

Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,

Sive cum libris novitate pascit

Sedula mentem.

Sit memor noſtri, fideique ſolvat

Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum

Thraliæ diſcant reſonare nomen

Littora Skiæ.

S P E S.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA ſic peragit citata curſum ;

Sic diem ſequitur dies fugacem !

Spes novas nova lux parit, ſecunda

Spondens omnia credulis homullis ;

Spes ludit ſtolidas, metuque cæco

Lux angit, miſeros ludens homullos,

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS
INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FOEMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS
CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut esse velim, suastisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

J A C T U R A T E M P O R I S.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εἰς ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρῶην χαίρεσα γράφοντα
 Ἡρώων τε βίης Βίρχιον, ἥδ' ἐ σοφῶν,
 Καὶ Εἶον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,
 Σὲ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀινιῖμα.

Τῇ κάλλεος δυνάμει τί τέλος; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν
 Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῇ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῶ.
 Εκ' Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὀναρ, θεῖος ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὀμηρος,
 Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητὰς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὀναρ.
 Ζεὺς μούνος φλοῖοντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῶ,
 Ὀρμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἷσ' ἀφέρει.

In ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
 Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.
 Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat;
 Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
 Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
 Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

M E S S I A.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator.

SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
 Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
 Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
 Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
 Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
 Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
 Sidereâ Isaiaæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
 Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
 Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
 Jessæis furgit, mulcentisque æthera flores
 Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
 Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus infidet alis.
 Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cœlum
 Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
 Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
 Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami;
 Hic requies fessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
 Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
 Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
 Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
 Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
 Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revifens
 Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
 Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
 Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
 Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
 Deproperat

Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en ! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En ! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus ! ecce Deus ! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus ; ecce Deus ! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit ; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes !
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus :
En ! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En ! salvator adest ; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, furdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen ;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur aures.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis :
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria ; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata virescunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,

Amiffas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit fulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et feræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis fente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles fociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigris
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trifulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores

Tolle

Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ !
En ! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis ;
Barbarus en ! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ !
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii ; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt ; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet ; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos ; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deferet æquor ;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquefcent robora montis :
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

* **O** Qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
 Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
 Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
 Scelerum catenâ me laborantem grav
 Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
 Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
 Numine præsentis me tueare pater!
 Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
 Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
 Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
 Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
 Quem mœstum et timidum crimina gravant;
 Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
 Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
 Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
 Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

* This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the 1st, of that, beginning, "O God whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

[Dec. 5, 1784*.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
 Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
 Quem nil vafrities peccantum subdola celat;
 Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
 Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice fordes
 Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
 Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
 Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet:
 Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
 Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit!

P S A L M U S CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
 Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
 Quovis sanguine cretæ
 Gentes undique carmine.
 Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
 Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
 Omnes undique gentes,
 Sancto dicite carmine.

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time; and eight days before his decease.

* **S**EU te sæva fitis, levitas five improba fecit,
 Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
 Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
 Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
 Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
 Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
 Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducatur eodem,
 Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
 Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
 Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
 Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
 Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

† **H**ABEO, dedi quod alteri;
 Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
 Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

* The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

† These Lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
 What I spent that I had;
 What I left that I lost.

* E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO
EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,

* These Lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the Reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an other hedge we get
For a friendly shelter ;
Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow ;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath :
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Nunc rescire priora,
 Nunc instare futuris,
 Nunc summi prece sanctâ
 Patris numen adire est.
 Quicquid quæritur ultra,
 Cæco ducit amore,
 Vel spe ludit inani,
 Luctus mox pariturum.

* **Q**UISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus
 undas
 Speluncæ latè Thæmesis præ tendit opacæ;
 Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
 CrySTALLISQUE latex fractus scintillat acutis;
 Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
 Splendet, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
 Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
 Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
 Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
 Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
 Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
 Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
 Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
 Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
 Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
 Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

* The above Lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames tranflucient wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES
METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
 Patria Sparta mihi esti, patria clara virum.
 Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
 Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,
 Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
 Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
 Labraque constrictus, semefos, jamque terendos
 Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacet.
 Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
 Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
 Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
 Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
 Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

Qui, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

Sit tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter
Achilles.

Br. 18.

Ad Musas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA fors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat fordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut
 Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
 Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,
 Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
 Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
 Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putēs alienæ accumbere mensæ,
 Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;
 Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
 Arridens domino, collacrymanisque tuo.
 Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
 Sed Miliaë ridens, atque dolens Miliaë.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hi
 Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
 Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
 Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
 Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
 Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis; rixisque dolisque
 Perstrepit omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
 Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
 Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
 Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
 Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia solus ages.
 Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
 Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
 Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis
 oras
 Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
 Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
 Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
 Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
 Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
 Tecta ineunt, cælebs impediere minus;

Mulcet

Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus;
 Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
 Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
 Aut periisse; scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
 Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba ma-
 lorum
 Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
 Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, fidera, terras,
 Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
 Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
 Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
 Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
 Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
 Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,
 Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
 Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris ;
 Hunc sequitur cælebs ; tertius, orbe, venis.
 Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
 Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
 His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
 Quales sint monades, quâ fit inane, finas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicumque senex sibi longius ævum,
 Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
 Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
 Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
 Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
 Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus
abnuc nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, fidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa ju-
vencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI fat novi quam sim brevis ; astra tuenti,
 Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
 Tangitur haud pedibus tellus : conviva Deorum
 Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibus.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium est fit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere
 priores,
 Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
 Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum ;
 Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
 Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
 Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
 E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat ? quicquid habebis
 In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes ?
 Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
 Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miserum fors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut
aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

Vive tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

Vitæ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

Pulicibus morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere definitis.

Br. 202.

Menodotum pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre
calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMES Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus.
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in foenore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

ET ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morfu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, qua solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille
meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discefferis ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumultatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deum.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas ; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit
Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati ; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

P O M P E I I.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Affidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammæ, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia
desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
 Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
 Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit
 olim
 Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

EXCEPTÆ hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos
 Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera
 faxint
 Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

CLARA Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
 Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
 Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
 Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
 Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
 Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
 Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
 Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus ;
 Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque
 fororem
 Fecerunt nulli fors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
 Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis,
 Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
 Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
 Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
 Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
 Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
 Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
 Cum violis ; spirant lilia mista rosis.
 His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
 Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !

MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
 Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi.
 Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem ;
 Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit
imber

Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam furda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

ARTE ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrere peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici fociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Caufidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forsan tumultum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies ; ossa habet et cinerem.

E P I C T E T I.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E T H E O C R I T O.

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor :
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

E U R. M E D. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm vœcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit

Quis

Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
 Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
 Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
 Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
 Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiis,
 Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
 Copia cœnæ.

* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐνὶ πολέμοισι μέμνηε
 Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλῆξεν ἔρωτι Θεάν.

S E P T E M Æ T A T E S.

P R I M A parit terras ætas, ficitque secunda,
 Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
 Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta superfit;
 Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

* The above is a Version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis;
 Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

* **H**is Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem.
 Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
 Myrias ² Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
 Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem
 Imperium qua Turca ³ ferox exercet iniquum.
 Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
 Sortitur ⁴ Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
 Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
 Pastor ⁴ Arabs: decies octo sibi Persa ⁴ requirit.
 Myriades sibi pulcra duas, duo millia poscit
 Parthenope.

* To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.—For the convenience of the Reader it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's work, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refers to it.

¹ In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

² The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

³ The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

⁴ In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses, are alike.—We find, accordingly,

Parthenope ⁴. ⁵ Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.

⁶ Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.

Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus ⁷.

Centuriâ Ligures ⁸ augent duo millia quartâ.

Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca ⁹ secundæ.

Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi

¹⁰ Ruffia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis :

¹¹ Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.

Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,

Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra ¹² colendas.

Vult sibi vicens millefima myrias addi,

Vicenis quinas, Afiam ¹³ metata celebrem.

Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit

Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa ¹⁴ doctæ.

Myriadas septem decies Europa ¹⁵ ducentis

Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.

ingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

⁵ Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

⁶ The pope's dominions, at 14,868.

⁷ Tuscany, at 6,640.

⁸ Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

⁹ Lucca, at 286.

¹⁰ The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,803,485 square miles.

¹¹ Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

¹² The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806.

¹³ Asia, at 10,257,487.

¹⁴ Africa, at 8,506,208.

¹⁵ Europe, at 2,749,349.

Myriadas

Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis ¹⁶.

Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque ¹⁷ Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne ¹⁸,
Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga ¹⁹ novem.

Ter sex centurias Hollandia ¹⁹ jactat opima
Undecimum Camber ¹⁹ vult septem millibus addi.

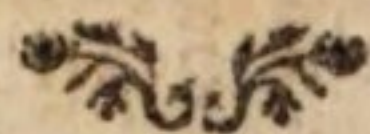
* * * * *

¹⁶ The British dominions, at 105,634.

¹⁷ England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

¹⁸ Ireland, at 27,457.

¹⁹ In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.



* * * *The Lady on whom the Greek verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written (page 397), is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.*

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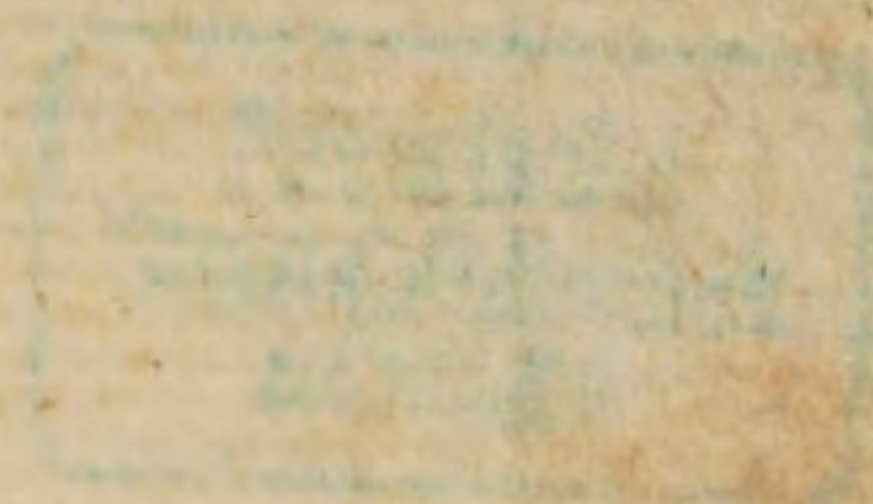
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